THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Here Stands Czechoslovakia!	*D.*
Prisoners in the Balkans	*Margery Fry*
Older and Fewer Germans	*Marcel Dutheil*
The Trouble in India	*Richard Freund*
France's Strong Man	*Arved Arenstam*
A Director's Problems	*Alfred Hitchcock*
The Toughest Spot on Earth	*Edmond Demaître*
N'gwenya (A Story)	*Denis Townley*

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Whither Protestantism?

How will the Barthian school affect American and European thought? What will be the implications of recent archeological finds for "higher criticism" and the Wellhausen school?

Walter M. Horton's recent article on THE NEW ORTHODOXY and W. F. Albright's essay, ARCHEOLOGY CONFRONTS BIBLICAL CRITICISM, in the Spring issue, discuss the current trends of Protestantism from those two points of view. And because the editorial board of

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Phi Beta Kappa's General Literary Quarterly

believes there is a wide-spread interest in this subject, it plans to follow these articles in forthcoming issues with:

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William C. Graham

MUST RELIGION BE UNREASONABLE?
Julius Seelye Bixler

UNREPENTANT LIBERALISM — Shailer Mathews

THE DILEMMA OF THE PRESENT-DAY MORALIST
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THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for April, 1938

THE WORLD OVER 95
HERE STANDS CZECHOSLOVAKIA! ..... *D.* 103
GERMANY'S FEET OF CLAY
I. BEHIND THE NAZI FAÇADE ..... *W. G. J. Knop* 110
II. OLDER AND FEWER GERMANS ..... *Marcel Dutheil* 117
PRISONERS IN THE BALKANS ..... *Margery Fry* 121
N'GWENYA (A Story) ..... *Denis Townley* 127
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
FRANCE'S STRONG MAN ..... *Arved Arenstam* 136
LORD HALIFAX ..... *Harold J. Laski* 139
HITLER'S AUSTRIAN FIXER 141
SCOTLAND CALLING ..... *C. A. Lyon* 143
INDIA IN TRANSITION
I. THE TROUBLE IN INDIA ..... *Richard Freund* 147
II. AS WE SEE IT ..... *Subhas Chandra Bose* 150
III. GUEDALLO RANEE ..... *Jawaharlal Nehru* 152
JAPAN WILL NOT COLLAPSE ..... *T.* 154
WILL MEXICO FOLLOW SPAIN? 158
MISCELLANY
I. DOORS SLAM IN BARCELONA ..... *Bodo Uhse* 163
II. COPTIC CHRISTENING ..... *H. V. Morton* 165
III. THE TOUGHEST SPOT ON EARTH ..... *Edmond Demaître* 168
NOTES AND COMMENTS 170
LETTERS AND THE ARTS
A DIRECTOR'S PROBLEMS ..... *Alfred Hitchcock* 172
BOOKS ABROAD 175
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 181
WORLD TRADE 185
WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS 187

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THE GUIDE POST

THE absorption of Austria into Hitler's Germany cannot have been a great surprise to readers of THE LIVING AGE, as we have often dealt with the little country's economic plight and political peril in both article and editorial. All eyes are now on Czechoslovakia, and everyone is asking if she will be next. During the past year, we have published articles on Czechoslovakia's situation and her issues with Germany by the two foremost English experts on Central Europe—R. W. Seton-Watson and Arnold J. Toynbee. But since the limelight now falls so sharply on that country, its policy and prospects are once more canvassed, this time by a Czechoslovak statesman who was obliged by protocol to remain anonymous. His article, 'Here Stands Czechoslovakia!', is abridged from a series which appeared in the *Prager Presse* in reply to the campaign which has been waged in the Nazi press against Czechoslovakia.

While, as our readers know, the German papers have couched their propaganda in language of unrestrained violence, this presentation of Czechoslovakia's case is distinguished by dignity, by fairness and by an honest effort to see beyond petty disputes and find a *modus vivendi* to which both countries can subscribe. The writer is well aware of his country's peril, but nowhere does he betray either fear or resignation. [p. 103]

CHANCELLOR HITLER may well have been spurred on to his trip-hammer blows against Austria's independence not by strength but by weakness—not by confidence in his power but by the imperious necessity that he achieve some victory abroad which would divert the attention of the Germans from their economic difficulties. The two articles included in the group entitled 'Germany's Feet of Clay' deal with Germany's immediate economic problems and with a maladjustment in her population whose effects will not become apparent and serious for a decade or so. W. G. J. Knop, author of the first article, 'Behind the Nazi Façade,' [p. 110] is a member of the staff of the London *Financial News* and a specialist on the economic condition of Germany. He wrote about half of the now famous issue which the *Banker* devoted to Germany early last year. [p. 110] Marcel Dutheil, who wrote the second article, 'Older and Fewer Germans,' is a French expert on population problems. [p. 117]

IN 'The World Over' some months ago we outlined the results of an investigation into the treatment of political prisoners in various countries which had been made by the Howard League for Penal Reform. The League recently sent an international group to Eastern Europe to study ordinary prison conditions, and Miss Margery Fry, a member of that group, reports her observations in the article, 'Prisoners in the Balkans.' Miss Fry was an Honorable Secretary of the League from 1919 to 1926. She is a Doctor of Laws of Manchester University and was Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, from 1926 to 1931. [p. 121]

'N'GWENYA,' the hero of our story for this month, lived one hundred and thirty-five years, which is a ripe old age even for a crocodile. His life, and that of the four generations of natives who lived in the village near his pool during his span, are brilliantly recorded by the Rhodesian writer, Denis Townley. Mr. Townley certainly knows his crocodiles, and we suspect that it was he who prevented N'Gwenya from dying a natural death. [p. 127]

SCOTLAND'S great exposition at Glas-

(*Continued on page 188*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

April, 1938 *Volume 354, Number 4459*

The World Over

IN OUR SECURITY behind the fortunately broad Atlantic, we Americans hear what seem to be echoes from the past—flashes of ultimatums and the frantic manning of frontiers—and there need be no search for omens or auguries to tell us what will happen on the Continent of Europe. We know with reasonable certainty what will happen; we know even more surely why and how it will happen. What alone we do not know is the time-table of Europe's road to war.

Chancellor Hitler moves inexorably toward the accomplishment of the remaining items of his program for German resurrection—a program which once was called insane and visionary. There is no mystery about those aims, for they were inscribed long years ago in *Mein Kampf*, the National Socialist Bible, and they have been reiterated countless times by the Führer from the platform since he won his way to power. He must yet 'redeem' the Germans of Czechoslovakia, Danzig, Memel and North Schleswig, and he must recover the Polish Corridor and Germany's former colonies. In what order he will attempt to achieve these aims we do not know, but achieve them he must. For, as Führer, he has a mission, a Divine mission, to accomplish these ends, and such a mission cannot be compromised. Now that his military power is the terror of his neighbors, is it likely that he will be more hesitant or inclined to compromise than when, completely unprepared for war, he began his destruction of the Treaty of Versailles by announcing that Germany would rearm?

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It is conceivable that some, and perhaps all, of Chancellor Hitler's remaining aims can be achieved by the mere threat of force, as in the case of Austria, without resort to actual conquest. Will there then be a 'satisfied Germany' and peace in Europe? This pleasing prospect is highly improbable. National Socialism is firmly based on the doctrine that the Germans are a superior race whose needs and aspirations must be satisfied. New objectives and a new mission will inevitably be added to the old, for even if all the relatively homogeneous blocs of Germans who live beyond the present borders of the Reich were brought under the *Hakenkreuz*, their fundamental economic problems would remain unsolved—would possibly become more difficult. Germany will then be impelled to go on and on in an effort to dominate her neighbors physically and economically, and to take a more glorious place in the world by replacing 'decadent' empires.

Chancellor Hitler's method of gaining his objectives—the sudden stroke, the *fait accompli*—has been bitterly criticized abroad. In diplomatic parlance it is called 'Sudden Diplomacy,' and it is by no means new, for the World War and many other wars in the past have been brought about by its employment. It is a dangerous method, as its success depends upon a gambling calculation that the other Powers will be taken unaware and accept the results, while during such an attempt, the peace is placed in jeopardy of a fatal 'incident.' Yet Chancellor Hitler has no alternative if he is to accomplish his mission. He cannot employ formal diplomacy, because nearly all his objectives can be won only by the scrapping of treaties, hence they are in almost every case beyond the possibility of negotiation. Nor has he any *quid pro quo* to offer in return for what he desires except the impossible promise to abandon one or more of his irrevocable aims. So he must continue to use 'Sudden Diplomacy' in the future as he has used it in the past, and despite his pledge in February, 1937, that there would be no more 'surprises.'

After Sedan, Europe strove for four decades to create an adequate counterweight to Germany's preponderant military power; then, for four years, almost the whole world struggled to defeat the Kaiser's legions. The 'cold' conquest of Austria is a new Sedan, and marks the beginning of a new cycle, because German power once more overbalances the Continent.

THERE IS NO REASON why Italian-Americans should not retain a strong sentimental interest in their motherland, just as the family and cultural ties of Americans of Irish, Scottish, English and other extractions with their old homelands are regarded as proper and even beneficial. Somewhat disturbing, however, is an article on 'Italo-Americans Today' which Professor Luigi Villari has written in the *Nuova Anthologia* of

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Rome. He states, for example, that 'Nowadays Italo-Americans vote in one solid Italian mass. . . .' and that during the Ethiopian War, the Italians of America did not for a moment relax their pressure upon their representatives in Congress to prevent American coöperation with the League's sanctionist policy against Italy. There has been a similar solidarity, he says, in defense of Mussolini's intervention in Spain. But the most significant paragraph in Professor Villari's article is the following:—

> Hence, though it is years since Italian Fascist organizations were active in the United States, the greater part of our nationals in that country, whether they have preserved their Italian citizenship or become naturalized, have, without actual enrolment, by now acquired the Fascist spirit. Though the Italian press in America leaves much to be desired, it is, nevertheless, mainly pro-Fascist. Of course, there are a few isolated small newspapers with a subversive policy, but they have a limited circulation and no authority whatever.

It is understandable that Italian-Americans should resent press attacks upon their mother country; it is even understandable that the first generation Italians in this country should be unable to distinguish between Italy, which Americans admire, and Fascism, which the vast majority of them must detest. We can scarcely expect that our Italians, nearly all of whom have arrived within the past forty years, could be fused in our none too efficient melting pot in so short a time. Yet it is disconcerting to hear a Fascist spokesman call them Italian 'nationals' who are imbued with the Fascist spirit, and pronounce our Italian-language newspapers 'pro-Fascist' except for a few inconsequential ones which have a 'subversive policy.'

AT LEAST ONE internationally famous economist bows before the present world chaos and confesses that he is unable to determine what direction the economic trend will take, although there are now more data available for judging the situation than ever before. This is Professor Gustav Cassel, who sums up the economist's predicament as follows in an article in the *Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget*, monthly bulletin of the Skandinavian Credit Company, Stockholm:—

> The old idea that economic developments were predetermined by a mathematical curve, the components of which merely need be subjected to a somewhat finer analysis, has proved to be little more than a statistical fantasy. Such support as this idea may have once had in the observation of certain regularities and causal connections in the movements of economic life is, since the World War, no longer to be relied on. After the War, management of the currency has come into the foreground as the overwhelmingly predominant factor in the world economy. In addition, we must take into account the immense increase in the direct influence of the State on industry and commerce. Formerly, the behavior of the nation in varying economic junctures could perhaps with some show of reason be judged

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> as a mass phenomenon which could be subjected to statistical analysis. At a time when world developments are largely determined by a few persons in power, this is out of the question. What these persons will do nobody can foresee: it is and must remain an unknown factor of such importance that it completely baffles economic forecasts in the former sense.

Professor Cassel concludes that economists must confine themselves to ascertaining what is actually going on, and then to try to derive the deeper significance of those happenings—in short, to limit themselves rather strictly to the immediate past and its interpretation.

IT IS UNUSUAL to find a Frenchman who does not take a pessimistic view of his country's population problem, but a writer in Paris *Vendredi* has found that the French vital statistics provide some grounds for believing that Senator Georges Pernot's prediction that there would be only 30 million French in 1985 will be proved wrong. This writer found that while the birth-rate fell from 19.1 per thousand in 1913 to 15 in 1936, the mortality rate from child-birth and during the first year of life had been reduced from 43 per thousand births in 1913 to 30 in 1936, and that deaths during the first year of life had dropped during the same period from 112 to 67 out of each thousand. France's chief problem, he declared, was to reduce the country's excessive mortality rate by emphasis upon hygiene and by campaigns against syphilis, alcoholism and tuberculosis. If the mortality rate could be reduced to that achieved in Holland, then the French population would increase by 250,000 a year.

THE FAMOUS ARYAN PARAGRAPH has only recently been applied to the German phonograph record industry. For several years reorganization along racial lines was hampered and many compromises were made, despite the fact that they were in defiance of National Socialist economic theory.

Since the German phonograph record trade was closely associated with the British and American producers, it continued to list all the important records made by them in its catalogues. Because of the deterioration of German radio programs, there was a noticeable boom in good foreign records. Jewish and otherwise 'undesirable' musicians were much in demand. Electrola, the German associate of 'His Master's Voice' and Victor, sold thousands of records by Yehudi Menuhin, Bronislav Hubermann, Artur Schnabel and Adolf Busch without incurring any expense for advertising, even in workers' districts and in the Provinces.

The *Schwarze Korps*, organ of the S. S. Black Guards, finally drew attention to this situation, and the Ministry of Propaganda decreed that the records of Jewish composers and Jewish musicians could no longer be distributed. The industry was faced with the necessity of re-

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nouncing Offenbach, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rubinstein, and many others. Its protests for leniency in regard to Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were of no avail. Then the decree was amended so as to bar lyrics by Jewish authors. This meant that Heine's poems, even the music by Schubert and Schumann, and the popular operettas by Franz Lehar, had to be purged. The loss to the German record industry is estimated at many millions of marks, as an enormous stock of records may no longer be sold. One firm alone spent more than 100,000 marks to reprint its expurgated catalogue.

FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY Frenchmen were reminded of defeat and inspired to seek *revanche* by the shrouded Strasbourg monument in the Place de la Concorde. Germans are now to be constantly reminded of their duty to 'redeem' their brothers outside the Reich, for the German Ministry of the Interior has decreed that in renaming streets and squares in German cities special attention should be given to irredentist propaganda. A choice is permitted from the following list:—

> Danzig, Burgenland, Memel, Hultschin (in Bohemia), Baltenland, *Süd-Tirol*, Riga, Weichsel (Vistula-Polish Corridor), *Bozen*, *Meran*, Sudetenland, Egerland (Bohemia), Böhmerwald, Kattowitz, Pressburg (Bratislava), Eupen, Malmedy, Siebenbürgen (Transylvania), Kronstadt (in Czechoslovakia), Strassburg, Nord-Schleswig, Elsass, Lothringen (Lorraine), Banat.

It is interesting to note that three of the suggestions (in italics) concern places which are at present under the sovereignty of Italy, Germany's partner in the Berlin-Rome Axis.

POLAND'S UNFORTUNATE economic situation, the growing impoverishment of her masses, unemployment, horrible housing conditions and an almost chronic struggle with starvation are having tragic effects on her youth. The Government has been forced to sacrifice education, health and other services to the necessities of rapid rearmament, in view of the tense political situation in Eastern Europe. Despite the growth of the population by almost half a million a year, the budget for education fell from 626 million zloty in 1929 to 411 zloty in 1936. Many schools have been closed and teaching staffs have been drastically cut.

According to official data published in the *Illustrowany Kurier Codzienny* of Krakow, more than 13 per cent of the 7 million children between the ages of five and fourteen are starving. The percentage in the industrial centers is much higher. In Warsaw, for example, 36 out of every 100 children come to school hungry, and the number of tubercular and rachitic children is increasing rapidly because of the insufficient diet. Over 35 per cent of the students in Poland are believed to have

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tuberculosis and 30 per cent are gravely undernourished. One need look no further to account for the sharp rise in the suicide rate among the students.

Although Poland is primarily an agricultural country, peasant children made up only 9.6 per cent of the school population in 1935–36. Young people from the impoverished villages flee to the cities, where the boys swell the ranks of the unemployed and the girls are reduced to prostitution. The *Dziennik Lyudovy* estimates that two-thirds of the prostitutes in Warsaw are minors. Yet the Polish Government does not appear to be taking any emergency measures to combat what threatens to be a wholesale destruction of its youth.

NO LONGER CAN THE RUSSIANS be called 'Bolsheviks,' for the latest of the Moscow purges has made it clear beyond question that the aim of the Soviet leaders has been to eliminate all the leaders who were active in the party before, during and immediately after the Revolution. Joseph Stalin and the inner circle at the Kremlin were, of course, excluded. The doomed Bolsheviks were to be politically discredited and represented as enemies of the people, so that after their physical annihilation they would not be remembered as martyrs. Their place is to be taken by a new generation of leaders which has grown up since the Revolution and is untainted by the social idealism which dominated Bolshevik thought during the struggle against the Czars. The Kremlin's decision to bring about this change in leadership was made in the summer of 1936, and in the succession of purges, almost all the once famous men of the Party have been liquidated, one after the other.

An example of how far back the present régime has gone in its effort to discredit one of the accused in the recent trials was the quotation by *Pravda* of a parody on *Hans Breitmann's Party* which appeared in *Punch* in November, 1924, just after Christian Rakovski, the first Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain, gave a reception to celebrate the seventh birthday of the Soviet State. The first two verses follow:—

RAKOVSKI'S BARTY

Raskovski gif a barty,
I dells you it vas vine,
To geep de sevent birtsday
Of de Sovietverein;
De growds mit scarlet padges
Vlocked rount de samovar
To trink to Gomrade Trotski
Long life als reigning Tsar.

Rakovski gif a barty,
Herr Zidney Vebb vas dere,
Auch minor-brophet H. G. Vells
(A Vabian vorher);
Und Oheim Arthur Henterson
He vore his oldest Frack;
His glothes vas einst in Russland
Gestohlen von his back.

Pravda declared that the last two lines of the first verse proved conclusively that Rakovski had been a full-fledged Trotskiist at that time.

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SOME CREDENCE IS GIVEN to the current belief that Japan intends to destroy the industrial power of Shanghai by the very detailed reports appearing in the Chinese press about the systematic removal of metals and machinery from the Chinese areas. According to the *North-China Herald*,

> gangs of Chinese coolies under a Chinese foreman, and controlled by Japanese, have for weeks past been making house to house, factory to factory visits on Chinese property, removing not only metal which might properly be termed scrap, but all types of metal fabrication from boilers down to small motors. . . . The removal of essential machinery, which at no time could be considered as mere scrap iron, the carrying off of machinery which could be put into operation again, represents one of the cruelest blows which could be directed against the future prosperity of the port. It is feared with every justification that Shanghai is being treated in a manner from which it will take decades to recover.

C'est la guerre. But Japanese spokesmen have often insisted that Japan is conducting hostilities only against the National Government and not against the Chinese people.

FOR GOOD OR ILL, the Philippines are to be completely independent of the United States in 1945. For some time following the adoption of the Tydings-McDuffie Act, which established a transitional period of ten years during which the Islands were to be prepared for independence, some Filipinos agitated for a shortening of the period and others for immediate independence. Since the summer of 1937, however, these voices have subsided, for the Philippines lie very much in the shadow of Japan, and what happened to China might happen to them. Just now the Japanese Army, which demands the extension of Japanese interests and influence on the mainland of Asia, is in firm control of the country's policy. The Japanese Navy, however, has long favored a 'Southward Policy,' coveting the oil, mineral and strategic resources of the islands to the south of the Japanese Archipelago. If, at some future time, the Navy should be in a position to have its way, then there will be expansion southward by methods resembling those employed by the Army in China, and the Philippines, together with the Netherlands Indies, will be in the gravest danger.

The Filipinos are watching the struggles in China from a box seat, and they are not enjoying the spectacle. The policy of the United States is freely criticized, and we quote at some length from an editorial on the sinking of the *Panay* which appeared in the *Philippine Magazine:*—

> Everything the particular situation demanded was done and with as much dignity as still remains to the American Government.
>
> When America failed to take definite, material action at the very outset of Japanese aggression in China in callous violation of important international trea-

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ties, when it failed to take action while hundreds of thousands of innocent people were being ruthlessly blasted to death on their own home-sites and the accumulated values of long years of human labor were wilfully destroyed by foreign invaders, the American Government virtually forfeited the right to take material action at the sinking of one of its own ships and the killing and wounding of a number of its own people aboard a gunboat.

To have taken action at the beginning of the unjustifiable invasion of China by Japan would have been to act on principle in a crisis involving great American and world interests. After the American Government's default in this crisis, the attack on the *Panay* could hardly be taken as more than a comparatively minor incident such as is only to be expected under present conditions in China.

It is not implied here that the United States should have declared war on Japan months ago—or years ago, when the Manchurian raid began. But the United States should have used its great power and prestige from the beginning to stop such invasions at their outset by outlawing the aggressors and immediately stopping all trade and all dealings with them. Even if the United States would have had to act alone and have had to extend its boycott to aiders and abettors of the guilty nations, this should have been done. If such action should lead to war, such a war would be justifiable, but, very likely, the aggressors would be quickly brought to terms. As things are, the United States may be brought to war by just such matters as the sinking of a ship, of the killing of a diplomat, trifling in comparison to the issues actually at stake.

Would the United States go to the defense of the Philippine Republic if it were to be attacked by Japan? Many Americans believe that we should not do so; but a far from negligible factor in determining the attitude of the United States is the extent of American interests in the Islands. In 1934, American investments totaled $257,000,000, or nearly twice the stake in China. Even after the United States 'withdraws' from the Philippines, these economic interests—among the most binding of ties—will remain, and must never be neglected in formulating American policy.

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A Czechoslovak statesman presents the case for his embattled country.

Here Stands Czechoslovakia!

By D.

Translated from the *Prager Presse*
Prague Official German-Language Daily

IT MUST be understood at the very beginning that the basic conceptions of the foreign policy of Germany and Czechoslovakia are absolutely different. Czechoslovakia is a *medium-sized* European State; Germany, its neighbor, has been and is a European and *World Power*. Czechoslovakia lies in a geographical position among States which have been antagonistic to her for a long period of her history. The national development of the Czechs and Slovaks was adversely affected by the attitude of these States. Their very existence was threatened to such an extent that toward the end of the eighteenth century the Czechs almost ceased to exist as a nation, and the same would have been the lot of the Slovaks by the end of the twentieth century if they had not been liberated by the Great War. On the other hand, Czechoslovakia cannot threaten the existence of Germany.

This is no question of ideology, sentiment, or of hatred and hostility; it is no use insisting that the Germans and Hungarians do not want to harm the Czechs and Slovaks; the two facts remain and have necessarily determined Czechoslovakia's attitude toward Germany. The Germans, as a nation, are six times as strong as the Czechoslovaks and the entire history of their State shows it weakened and threatened by German pressure. This is no extraordinary state of affairs. There are other nations in the same or similar situation, and no hostility is necessarily involved in this statement. Both Rumania and Finland, for example, are in the same situation with regard to Russia.

Germany is a great Power and its policy is determined accordingly; it is strong enough to defend itself alone against anybody; it has its own aspirations for expansion and the ambitions of a great Power, all the other Powers have. As such it stands, with all its moral and material resources and with the overwhelming weight of its sixty-seven million inhabitants, side by

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side, perhaps face to face, with eleven million Czechoslovak citizens of Slavonic nationality in a State of nearly sixteen million inhabitants. Germany would like to monopolize or isolate Czechoslovakia, here and there resorting to pressure exerted on Czechoslovakia by her other neighbors.

This is natural, dictated by the necessities of life and politics, and Czechoslovakia must reckon with it. We do not complain of this, do not make it a reason for hostility. We consider it as part of our political destiny, and we are compelled to act accordingly. It must be the aim of our policy to escape from this fate by first creating normal relations, then good neighborliness and finally even friendship. This, of course, requires of the other party the same conception of our mutual relations. This aim cannot otherwise be achieved.

The Great Powers, too, of course, must realize that they are not alone in Europe and the world, and that each should further the maintenance of equilibrium by not allowing the others to dominate small States. In the long run world politics is only a continual and consistent maintenance and leveling of the relations between the Powers, *i.e.*, the policy of *an equilibrium of power*. Before the War this policy was pursued by the aid of coalitions between the Powers, and at the conclusion of the Peace Treaty of Versailles the League of Nations was adopted as a compromise and perhaps the only future instrument for the maintenance of equilibrium in the world between the Great Powers and the other States. If there is no League of Nations, there will once more be a policy of coalitions or blocs —this dilemma cannot be solved in any other way. We are, and always have been, aware of this, and it is for this reason that we have always, in principle and in practice, been in favor of the League of Nations, considering it as a system which is morally and politically better than the coalition system.

II

In connection with this very question of the League of Nations it is necessary to say a few important words about Czechoslovakia's policy with regard to the Soviet Union.

It appears that at one time Germany's greatest complaint against Czechoslovakia concerned her policy toward the Soviet Union and her treaty of mutual aid with it. We have become—in German radical circles' present opinion—a branch office of Soviet Russia in Europe. What explanation should be given for this circumstance?

Czechoslovak policy was founded on the recognition that after the War it was necessary to reconstruct and stabilize Europe as quickly as possible and to insure peace and economic prosperity for a long period. It was in principle, always and in everything, for a European agreement and the coöperation of all Europe's important political units. To Czechoslovakia, this meant preparing the way for collaboration and agreement between Germany and France, between Russia and the whole of the rest of Europe—and consequently, of course, the stabilization of Central Europe. Czechoslovakia was therefore opposed to any policy which attempted to isolate or to exclude either Germany or Soviet Russia from the general coöperation.

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She herself strove for agreement between Germany and France, between Russia and Europe and above all, of course, to bring Russia into the League of Nations, considering it a necessary condition and guarantee of normal relations between the Soviets and the other States.

We know that there was some difficulty about this. Objections were rightly raised to the propaganda and interference of the Third International in the domestic affairs of the European States. We ourselves emphatically rejected such interference in our country and defended ourselves successfully against the danger of Communism by maintaining healthy internal conditions in our own State. We are therefore not afraid even today of Communism in our own country—we defended ourselves successfully and will continue to do so. We do not object to this internal defense on the part of anyone else, including Germany. At the same time, however, we recognize Russia's internal régime, which, of course, does not mean that we approve of it.

We were and are convinced, however, that a reasonable and normal development of Soviet Russia and the maintenance of permanent peace in Europe are possible only if she cooperates loyally with the other countries. We believe that the present chaos will not be overcome unless every single European State, and the Great Powers in particular—each defending its own internal régime—admits in principle the possibility of the simultaneous existence of various régimes, the principle of sincere abstention from interference in the domestic affairs of other States and the principle that the different existing European régimes must gradually adapt themselves one to the other. If Europe does not find its way to harmonious relations between these Fascist, National Socialist and Communist régimes, there will inevitably be a series of revolutions and consequently, of course, a series of European conflicts. Spain is a good example of this.

For this reason Czechoslovakia was in favor of the entrance of the Soviet Union into the League of Nations; for this reason she was in favor of a Western Pact between Great Britain and France on the one hand and Germany on the other; for this reason, in favor of an Eastern Pact between Germany, Poland and Russia. She may have been wrong on this point or that, but no one can deny her good will, her genuine desire for peace and general coöperation, her desire for recognition of the vital interests of all the States in question. For this reason she signed a pact with Soviet Russia, strictly within the scope of the League of Nations. She considered it the first step toward an Eastern Pact, hoping that in spite of all difficulties this might at some later time be realized.

It is Czechoslovakia's policy neither today nor in future to enter or be maneuvered into any conflict of ideological coalitions or camps. This is how our friendly policy towards Soviet Russia should be comprehended and explained. Czechoslovakia's treaty of mutual aid with Russia contains no hostility to anyone. Czechoslovakia would be willing to sign such a treaty with each of her neighbors. Why, then, denounce Czechoslovakia as pursuing a policy of isolating Germany, or supporting Soviet Russia in her expansive policy, and why accuse her of desiring

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to come to an agreement with all States except only her most powerful neighbor?

We cannot have any objection if German policy, public opinion or press look with other eyes than ours upon our conduct in abiding by the peace treaties, by a Geneva policy, by our opposition against the so-called *Drang nach Osten* policy. In these matters our interests have been opposed, and criticism or reticence were natural and only what was to be expected. But why has neither official nor unofficial Germany responded just once during the past seventeen years to our proffered hand?

III

We have, moreover, a number of other reproaches to make. It would seem as if post-War Germany knows nothing, or almost nothing, favorable about Czechoslovakia. The little she knows is of a negative character—either unjust or untrue. It is assuredly disconcerting to note that in post-War Germany no German author has published a single book on Czechoslovakia and the Czechoslovaks that is objective, truthful and not permeated with hostile prejudice and enmity. Even under the Weimar régime German public opinion was fed, as it were, by daily hostile reports about us. We understand, we repeat, that in Germany they should criticize us, that they should interest themselves in the fate of our minorities and that they should inform their public of the opposition policy of our Germans against the Government.

But the Czechoslovak Republic is a State of more than 15 million people; it is technically and economically the strongest of the minor States of Central Europe; the Czechoslovak nation has its own sound national culture and a stirring past in the course of which it often fought against Germany, but just as often collaborated with her. Since 1919 it has had an economic crisis and has overcome it; it has had social crises (Bolshevism in 1921, Fascism in 1926–29) and overcame them completely without violence, without changes in its institutions and without infringing upon the essential rights of anyone. It remains an evolutionary and progressive democracy.

Czechoslovakia naturally has her problems and her weak points, but she has also her advantages and her successes, for her population is mature, educated, industrious and disciplined. From unbiased observers among not merely friends but also the former neutrals—Swiss, Americans, Dutchmen, Swedes, Danes and Norwegians—we frequently hear and read that of all the new States Czechoslovakia has advanced furthest, that the Czechoslovaks have the most highly developed and most prosperous State, with the greatest stability of internal conditions, with the most balanced social conditions among the individual classes, with property relatively equally distributed among the various classes.

It is also well known throughout the whole world that the conditions enjoyed by the minorities in Czechoslovakia, alongside those obtaining in Switzerland, are of the fairest. In few other countries is there a like measure of liberty—of press, of conviction, of opinion and of free intellectual development. In private conversation even the German opponents of Czecho-

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slovakia are ready to admit that the position of the minorities, including the German minority, is incomparably better than, for instance, in Poland, Hungary or Italy. They will even acknowledge that Czechoslovakia has saved 150,000 Germans in Slovakia and Carpathian Ruthenia from national extinction by giving them what throughout the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth Hungary refused to give them.

IV

The fact is that Czechoslovakia, even though she has a different philosophy and doctrine concerning the nation and the national conception than have the German National Socialists, bases all her State organization upon the fundamental principle of respect for the national individuality of her citizens—including her minorities. She demands respect for her nationality because she respects the nationality of others (these very doctrines she learned from German romanticism and from Herder) and regards nation and nationality together as a great spiritual and cultural value, as an inviolable factor of all the modern life of a State. All this ought to be comprehensible to present-day National Socialist Germany.

But nothing may be written about this in Germany; not only the reporters and correspondents of the daily press in the Reich who live more or less by the negative and tendentious work of daily reporting, but even serious politicians, economists, diplomats, savants, University professors and the like write nothing about it. To be merely negative everywhere and in all things and to refuse to recognize anything positive do not signify strength. We in Czechoslovakia are not afraid to recognize the true strength of Germany, whether material or intellectual—even of present-day Germany whose national theories are well known amongst us, and are even systematically propagated in fairly open fashion in the press of the Sudeten German Party. Czechoslovakia is not afraid of this propaganda either. The results which may be perhaps expected of it will not materialize, as the primary conditions therefor do not exist in our country.

This propaganda expatiates on nonexistent differences between the Czechs and Slovaks, fails to recognize how the labors of 3 million Germans have for centuries been closely bound up with Bohemia and fails to see that certainly more than one-half of all the Germans in Bohemia are desirous of honest agreement with the Czechs.

In Czechoslovakia, German propaganda produces the very opposite from the desired effect. Everybody on our side knows that these campaigns are wrong, unjust and without any real basis, and that in every case they represent amazing exaggerations and absurd distortions of facts and realities. Among us, everyone without exception knows that elsewhere the Germans as a minority, and all other minorities too, are incomparably worse off than they are with us. Yet in Germany attacks are made upon us and we are even described as disturbers of the peace.

The German attitude may, to a certain extent, be explained by revolutionary excitement, by repugnance to all that occurred during and after the War, as well as by the opposition with which the existing régime meets

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in the rest of Europe. We could understand that, and we could also understand a decent, genuine and concrete criticism of all that deserves criticism. But excitement, passion and indignation such as is displayed in the German press during these campaigns lead only to further disputes and further misunderstanding.

Such typical prejudice and indignation and, above all, an absolute ignorance of the psychology of the Czechoslovaks, inspired the German reports launched during the press campaigns of the years 1936 and 1937. For nearly eight months, German propaganda flooded its own and the international press with false reports about Soviet airdromes, Soviet officers and Soviet troops in Czechoslovakia. This was supplemented by commentaries on the strength of Communism, on the Bolshevizing of the Czechoslovak intelligentsia, theater, literature and art, on the employment of Czechoslovakia as a jumping-off ground for the Soviet Union against Europe, on military and other pacts with the Soviets by which Czechoslovakia menaced Europe and the whole civilization of Europe, etc., etc.

It would be possible to compile many books showing in detail how these reports were fabricated. Our effort to call attention through official and non-official channels, through diplomatic avenues and otherwise, to the fact that all these accusations were mere inventions and untruths had no effect on Germany worth speaking of.

It is almost incredible that it should have been possible to serve up for eight whole months such obvious untruths for public consumption. It was of course impossible to attain any results by them, for in the end no one outside the frontiers of Germany believed them.

In the past two years an unprecedented number of visitors coming from abroad have found in the midst of perturbed Central Europe a calm, conciliatory, politically mature Czechoslovakia, with a relatively high standard of living. They found in her a mature State with Western European culture, with a high degree of freedom and democracy, absolutely immune from revolution either from Left or Right. These foreign visitors found a State with sound public finances and economy, a good administration and a strong, well-developed army completely free from political party influences. In brief, they found the very reverse of what was asserted in the German press.

V

We are well aware that not everything is perfect in our country, and we do not claim that it is. We, too, have our weaknesses and shortcomings. But we do maintain that conditions with us are better than in many other European countries, that our State is healthy, sound and strong, and that there will be neither upheavals nor revolutions among us.

We know, of course, that in Germany complaints are often made regarding the attitude of our public opinion toward what is taking place there. We are reproached with the negative attitude adopted by a section of our press toward events in Germany, toward the activities of the existing régime there, toward the doctrines and the ideology of National Socialism and all connected with it. Complaints are also made of our tolerance toward political refugees from Germany.

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In all these matters, however, proofs of good will have been, and will continue to be, forthcoming from us. We made an attempt to secure a press agreement. We offered to negotiate for the reciprocal treatment of political emigrés, and we also proffered an agreement for a precise limitation of the rights of asylum and everything connected therewith. Nothing came of these efforts. On the other hand, three Czechoslovak fugitives, who had been allowed bail on giving their word of honor to the Czechoslovak authorities not to flee the country but to place themselves at any moment at the disposal of the courts, have been appointed members of the German Parliament.

We are well aware that doubts about good will on our part are entertained in Germany, and we are reproached with being always in the opposite camp in the post-War diplomatic struggles. This is to some extent true because our own vital interests are involved, and if Germany were in the same situation, she would act in the same way and defend her vital interests. In many respects the charge is untrue: we have sincerely striven for German-French and European agreement. It is now forgotten that after the War the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, Dr. Beneš, was the first Minister of an Allied State to pay an official visit to Berlin—a visit which was paid precisely in order to prepare and accelerate the development toward agreement.

For our part, we shall strive to create a peaceful atmosphere in the press, in public opinion and in official contacts, and to avoid every possible source of friction. In a democratic State, of course, it is not possible to have absolute control over public opinion and to dictate to it, even though in these matters there is unity amongst us as a whole. As far as we are concerned, however, we shall do everything in our power in this direction.

We are convinced that we are acting justly and honorably toward our neighbors. We are also sure that our internal and external policy is correct and that it will fully justify itself as affairs in Europe develop. It is a policy of sincere and consistent preservation of peace and of all-European understanding for the benefit of all.

Barmecide's Feast

A friend of mine has been living in Germany. Having seen no serious British papers for weeks he was pleased to hear that foreign papers were taken in the library of the town where he was staying. He asked what they had and was surprised to learn that they took the *New Statesman and Nation*. Could he see it? Certainly. And they produced a file of recent issues. Could he have the last few numbers to read? 'Oh, no,' they said, promptly putting them away again, 'to read them is *polizeilich verboten*.'

—Robert Lynd in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

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A British economist tells how Germany is suffering from the attempt to achieve self-sufficiency; and a French population expert declares that there will be no more than 46 million Germans in the year 2000.

Germany's Feet *of* Clay

I. Behind the Nazi Façade

By W. G. J. Knop

From the *Banker*, London Financial Monthly

A YEAR AGO the *Banker* published its special number on economic and financial conditions in Germany, which as the most authoritative review of its kind met with a wide international response. [See The Living Age for April, 1937, in which the leading article of this number of the *Banker* was reprinted.] Since then another year—the fifth of Nazi Government in Germany—has gone by. And it is perhaps a good moment to ask what this fifth year has brought to Germany, and whether it has produced any developments in the light of which the conclusions of last year's special number of the *Banker* have to be revised or modified.

A year ago the picture presented by the economic position of Germany was clearly one to warrant the gravest concern, both as regards the effect of Nazi economic policy on the well-being of the German people, and on the peace of the world. Unhappily none of the dark aspects of Germany's economic policy have disappeared; most of them have become even darker; and many fresh causes for anxiety have been added. The intensity with which all national life in Germany is subordinated to the one goal of military power grows persistently. Yet to the extent that this involves an ever-growing depletion of material and human reserves, the steady encroachment of the State bureaucracy on the last remnants of sound industrial and financial policy, the isolation of Germany from the

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rest of the world, and the reduction of the standard of living of the nation—to this extent Germany's economic policy becomes the negation of its purpose.

Instead of strengthening the military power of the country, the very intensity of military preparations is sapping it. The outside world will have to see to it that the day when the Germans find it impossible to reconcile any longer the technical strength of their armed might with the moral and material results of its creation does not offer the leaders of Germany the slightest chance of saving themselves by gambling everything upon a war of despair.

There has been a notable tendency during the last year or two to underestimate the implications of reckless public expenditure in the dictatorships. This seems to be the natural reaction from the opposite view widely held before, that the spending of billions after billions for non-productive military purposes would sooner or later involve Germany in financial collapse. This view clearly does not hold water; in a totalitarian State the powers of the Government over the credit system can prevent any danger of a financial breakdown.

In present-day Germany, the three main sources of Government revenue are taxation, short-term borrowing by means of bill-issues, and medium and long-term borrowing through the issue of loans. To bring about a financial collapse would mean either that the flow of revenue would cease—a possibility which can be ruled out straightway—or that the Government would find it impossible to borrow. Yet as long as the banks, the savings banks, the insurance companies and industry still have reserves available for investment in Government paper, a financial problem in the technical sense does not arise for the totalitarian State. And even if, in spite of official compulsion, it should become impossible to mobilize these reserves through the medium of the money and capital market, the Italian example shows that the State can fall back on measures of expropriation such as capital levies.

In Germany, the last year has given only further proof that the problem of finding money for a constantly and rapidly rising Government budget in itself is still relatively easy. The following table gives a comparison between Reich budgetary expenditure and the main sources of revenue in each of the five years since the National Socialist Party succeeded in winning its way to power (in 1,000 millions of Reichsmarks):—

EXPENDITURE		REVENUE		
		TAXATION	BORROWING	
			Long-Term	*Short-Term*
1933/34	9.7	6.8	—	2.1
1934/35	12.2	8.2	0.75	2.4
1935/36	16.7	9.7	1.68	3.9
1936/37	20.1	11.5	2.30	4.4
*1937/38	25.0	14.0	3.60	5.7

*Approximate

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A combination of exceedingly heavy taxation with extensive borrowing has thus enabled the German Government during the last five years to meet its soaring expenditure. The purely financial price paid has been an increase in the Reich Government's internal debt—long-term and short-term—from Rm. 9,500,000,000 in 1933 to Rm. 38,000,000,000 at the end of 1937. Within five years, therefore, Germany, whose internal debt had been wiped out during the inflation, has joined the company of heavily indebted countries. But as long as the State is all-powerful, as it is in Germany, it matters relatively little (from the point of view of keeping the economic machine going) whether the debt stands at ten or fifty billions.

There is, therefore, ample justification for a point of view which does not attach too much importance to the financial aspect in Germany. On the other hand, it is a fatal mistake, at present very common, to fall into the other extreme. To assert that 'no matter how much these dictatorships spend, it does not seem to make any difference' ignores completely the fact first, that the money has to be taken from somewhere, and secondly, that it is being spent for concrete purposes. It is here that the weaknesses and dangers inherent in the German economic situation are becoming painfully clear.

II

By far the most serious aspect of the German Government's policy of unrestricted spending is the effect it is having on the apparatus of production. The spending of tens of billions for the production of armaments was bound to have a highly stimulating effect on industrial activity, especially as the process of rearmament was accompanied by heavy capital expenditure on Nazi Party extravagance. Consequently the index of industrial production rose from 61.5 in 1933 (1928=100) to 113.7 at the end of 1936.

In permitting this rise in industrial production—or, in other words, in spending so wildly on armaments—the Nazi Government committed its cardinal error. If Germany had been a country with considerable natural resources of all essential raw materials, or if she had, like Great Britain, a large income from foreign assets and services with which to meet a heavy deficiency in the balance of trade, and if in addition there were large available savings, an increase of 85 per cent in industrial production as a result of State orders would have been a costly, but not a dangerous experiment.

Germany, however, is notoriously poor in most essential raw materials. All she possesses in abundance is coal and potash. Nor is she able to feed herself. Thanks to the blundering experimentalism of Herr Darré, the Minister of Agriculture, she is even less self-supporting in foodstuffs than she was during the last few years of the Weimar Republic. Furthermore, world economic conditions a few years ago were such that on no account could Germany expect to increase her foreign exchange revenue through international trade.

It was inevitable, therefore, that the Government's rearmament policy should soon lead to a serious shortage of German raw materials and food

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supplies. When stocks of raw materials had been almost exhausted, and when most of the Reichsbank's gold reserve had gone, the German authorities mobilized first the gold and *Devisen* and then the foreign securities owned by German citizens. At the same time they gave increasing attention to the possibilities of extending the production of raw materials at home. The cry for autarchy was raised. And the greater the shortage of raw materials, the more extravagant became the efforts to replace foreign raw materials by domestically produced substitutes, and to cut down private consumption.

By the end of 1936, indeed, it was unpleasantly clear that the Nazi authorities, instead of going the only sound way to limit armament expenditure, were setting full sail for a policy of economic self-sufficiency. In Nuremberg, Herr Hitler announced his Four-Year Plan, and within a few weeks it became obvious that the German Government meant what it said.

The *Banker* at that time described the drive for autarchy as 'by far the most regrettable outcome of National Socialist economic policy we have yet witnessed.' It added that, 'Once Germany has been caught in the net of autarchy she will remain so for a long time to come. The capital expenditure involved in the creation of the new industries is so enormous that this fact alone will tend to maintain Germany in her artificial isolation.'

The year which has since passed has seen the Four-Year Plan in full operation. If twelve months ago there were still faint hopes that the Germans might not quite mean what they said, the reality of the first year of the Four-Year Plan has shown that the last dams of economic reason have broken down. With an energy worthy of a better cause the large-scale production of synthetic raw materials has been taken in hand. Synthetic rubber, petrol, textile fibers and resins are already being produced in large quantities, and extensive plants for a further increase in production are under construction.

In Central Germany, near Salzgitter, the biggest individual steel combine in the country is growing up in a hitherto purely agricultural district. It is owned and run by the Government, and together with subsidiary works in Southern Germany it will, when completed, have a productive capacity of 6,000,000 tons of steel annually. The ore, of which there are large deposits, is mined locally. But it is of low iron content, and its dressing and smelting are too expensive to compete on a profit-making basis with the remainder of the German iron and steel industry. Elsewhere the most energetic efforts are being made to increase the output of metal ore mines. Many other examples could be given of the determination with which the principles of the Four-Year Plan are applied to the whole life of the nation.

III

Directly and indirectly, costs of the Plan are enormous. First there are the costs of laying down plant, sinking mines and providing transport facilities. In the past year alone these direct costs amounted to nearly Rm. 3,500,000,000, not including the countless small sums spent by private companies on research and the purchase of in-

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dividual machines (apart from comprehensive plant) for the production of substitutes. Most of the capital expenditure on the Four-Year Plan has been met by private industry, the Government guaranteeing a certain return on the capital. About 35 per cent of the capital expenditure is borne by the Reich and public bodies. But the last few months of 1937 have clearly shown that the trend is toward an even greater State participation in the capital outlay of the Plan.

Then there is the indirect cost of the Plan, which, of course, cannot be measured in figures. It is obvious that it must be huge, since all the substitutes produced are either very much more expensive than the product which they replace, or of greatly inferior quality.

The tragedy of it is that all this money and energy and the privations suffered by the consumer are sheer futility. No one can deny that there is a reasonable possibility of reducing Germany's dependence on a number of imported raw materials. But most of the endeavors of the Four-Year Plan have already gone beyond the limits of reason. To some extent an illusion of self-sufficiency is created by the ruthless exploitation of available reserves. As a result of the large-scale production of synthetic textiles and resins, for instance, the consumption of wood has risen considerably. In order to meet the additional demand, the felling of timber has been increased by 50 per cent above the maximum limit required to maintain the German forests.

Such an exploitation can be carried on for a number of years, but only with the result that in the end Germany's dependence on timber imports will be many times greater than it is now. In this, as in other respects, Nazi economic policy is blatantly irresponsible. It is obvious that the bill will have to be met some day. Perhaps the German Government believes that when the day comes, it will succeed in making others pay.

IV

The autarchy policy of the German Government, which has directly emanated from the industrial strain created by its rearmament policy, has in turn added a new element to this strain. The self-sufficiency drive has not, as was originally intended, taken the place of the rearmament drive. In actual fact, the process of rearmament has been intensified during 1937, and consequently the Four-Year Plan has only increased Germany's industrial difficulties. The index of industrial production, which at 113.7 had already reached a record level at the end of 1936, continued to rise to as much as 126 in November, 1937, the latest available date.

This soaring industrial production is more than the German industrial apparatus can reasonably support. For one thing a serious shortage of labor has been added to the shortage of raw materials, with the result that German industry has been trying wherever possible to replace human labor by machines. But far from being able to meet the additional demand for machinery, it has even been unable to cope with the demand for the replacement of existing plant. In all these years of rising industrial activity far too little capital expenditure has been devoted to replacement of ma-

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chinery, partly because the larger part of industrial profits has found its way into the pockets of the State (in the form of taxes or loans), and partly because the laying down of new plant (for armaments and substitutes) has swallowed up the remainder. Consequently a rapidly increasing part of the German industrial equipment is being worn out and is in urgent need of renewal. But little can be done while rearmament and the Four-Year Plan take precedence. In consequence there is a decline in the efficiency of production and a fall in the quality of output together with rising costs of production.

The most striking example of the deterioration in Germany's industrial equipment is afforded by the Reich Railways. For five years only the most urgent repairs have been carried out, and fewer locomotives, carriages and trucks have been built than have been withdrawn from service. Thus as compared with 1933, the railways today have to carry a traffic which has increased by 70 per cent with a rolling stock that has become reduced by 10 per cent. At the same time the quality of the new rolling stock put into service is deplorable, partly as a result of the use of substitutes, and partly owing to the general decline in technical efficiency. The train services have become unpunctual, breakdowns are frequent and the number of casualties last year was trebled as compared with 1936.

For the last three years the annual reports of the Reich Railways have predicted this state of affairs unless the railways were given a chance to carry out large reconstruction programs. Now this year's report openly admits that conditions have become intolerable. The German Government, however, decided that, firstly, it needed the railways' profits for other purposes, and, secondly, that the armaments industries could not be deprived of the quantities of raw materials which a large program of railway development would have required.

But while the German railway system has been allowed to fall into disrepair, billions are being spent on the construction of the famous new motor roads. Possibly the Nazis believe that their strategic needs are better served by an efficient road system than by an efficient railway system.

V

Something must also be said about the combined effect of armaments, public extravagance and the Four-Year Plan on the standard of living of the German people. Again the experience of the last year allows of a more precise answer than was possible in the earlier stages of National Socialist Government. Few, even among the most ardent apologists of the Nazi régime, maintain that the standard of living of the average German has risen since 1932. Attempts, however, are sometimes made to prove that the standard of living has remained stationary since 1933. Yet even this is too optimistic a statement as far as the majority of the nation is concerned.

It is probably true for the 5 million people who in 1932 were unemployed and who have since been given work. But for the bulk of the working class as well as for the middle class, especially those with fixed incomes, the last five years have meant a decline in

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the standard of living by anything from 10 per cent for the working class to 20 per cent for the middle class.

If the increase in working hours is taken into consideration the average gross income of the working man since 1933 has increased by about 15 per cent. Against that, the official indices for foodstuffs have risen by 12 per cent, those for clothing by 21 per cent, while rents are officially reported to have remained unchanged. These figures, however, are apt to be misleading unless one takes into account their method of compilation. In the first place all price indices are based on the official maximum prices fixed by the authorities in their endeavor to keep prices down. In actual fact, as the German press itself admits, the maximum prices are generally exceeded. Secondly, there is a serious decline in quality. Thirdly, the shortage of many foodstuffs and consumption goods automatically forces the consumer to resort to more expensive qualities. The cost of living has consequently risen very much more than is apparent from the official index figures.

Furthermore, the burden of taxation and of special 'voluntary' contributions has become a great deal heavier than it was five years ago. If all these factors are taken into account, it becomes obvious that the standard of living must have fallen remarkably. But the fall has been so evenly spread out over half a decade that it has been almost imperceptible to the individual. A skillful propaganda, which suggests that security of employment is equal to a satisfactory standard of living, is contributing its share. A continued decline in the standard of living must, however, be felt more acutely, no matter what steps are taken to veil it.

VI

Symptomatic of the tendencies which have gained the upper hand in Germany has been the loss of control by Dr. Schacht. Undoubtedly the former Minister of Economics carries a full measure of responsibility for the dangerous path followed by the new Germany. But no one will deny that for the past eighteen months Dr. Schacht has put up a courageous resistance to a policy which he—unhappily too late—recognized as leading to disaster.

Yet gradually the control over Germany's economic destiny has passed from the hands of Dr. Schacht into those of General Göring, a man of military energy rather than of understanding of economic factors. In November, Dr. Schacht was dropped from the Ministry of Economics which has since been merged with General Göring's Four-Year Plan organization. Since then it has also become apparent that the retention by Dr. Schacht of his office as President of the Reichsbank was merely a device to soften the shock of his retirement.

Germany thus enters her sixth year of National Socialist rule in a condition which is anything but reassuring. The more the country is drawing on its economic stamina the more it succumbs to autarchy and State Socialism. A year or two ago it might still have been possible for foreign assistance to have restored Germany to a sound economic basis. Even this slender chance has now been destroyed by Germany's own actions.

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II. Older and Fewer Germans

By Marcel Dutheil
Translated from the *Annales*, Paris Literary and Political Bi-Monthly

[*In 'The Vanishing Briton,' which we published in the December issue, A. M. Carr-Saunders estimated that the population of England and Wales will fall from 41 millions to about half that figure by the end of the century if the present trends continue. The following article by Marcel Dutheil, which is a chapter from his forthcoming book,* La Population Allemande, *reveals that Germany as well as Britain is faced with the prospect of a declining and aging population. Surging rapidly upward from 36 millions in 1850 to 68 millions in 1914, and falling to 62 millions after the War, the German population will drop to 46 millions by the year 2000, according to demographic experts. Prior to the World War, the number of births in Germany was about 2 million annually; the number fell to 978,000 in 1932 and rose under National-Socialist stimuli to 1,200,000 in 1935. M. Dutheil finds in the disparity between the diminished birth rate of today and the excessive one before the War a tragic destiny for Germany.* The Editors]

WITHIN the next twenty or thirty years the active generation in Germany will be succeeded—gradually but at an ever-quickening tempo—by the aged, as the predominating force in the country. From the point of view of both individual and collective psychology, such a transformation—the aging of a people—is bound to be of utmost significance. The temperament of a people, together with its ideas and aspirations, finds levels which are determined by the mean of individual temperaments and mentalities. The law of the majority imposes itself here, for the character of a collective mentality and temperament is decisively shaped by the nature of the majority—by whether it is young or old. For example, an old man in a youthful society is carried away by the spirit of youth, while a young man living in an elderly community submits to its restraining influence. This law has been empirically proved, but any one can recall facts or instances to verify its logic.

It is in the individual that one must seek the origin of collective changes. Under the influence of age the individual is formed and modified. He withdraws from the masses around him. His judgment becomes less arbitrary. His passions lose their violence and he is less apt to be swept away by them. His combative ardor is tempered by his need for rest, by his lessening interest in life, since the greater part of life is behind him. His enthusiasm is dampened and an old man's skepticism pervades all his thoughts and limits his movements.

These are the reasons for which the average German of today, it seems to me, will soon withdraw little by little from the masses around him. Youth and number, the two factors which have created the phenomenon of the German masses, have lost much of their force. Already the aging have retired

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from the struggle, even though it still continues. Social evolution at this stage ought to separate the interests of the different strata of society, thereby impairing the absolute community of interests which tends to keep the masses intact. So it is possible that the Germans will dissolve into a number of age and social ranks whose tendency will be to oppose each other. The ultimate resurgence of human qualities in the individual, which has been delayed temporarily by the National Socialist equalitarian doctrines, will sharply curb the willingness of the Germans to range themselves solidly behind an all-powerful Führer. Individuals will regain their capacity to judge for themselves and they will no longer lightly abdicate their right to do so. They will even go so far as to fight for this right. When this comes about, Germany will have regained its collective conscience. There will be again a 'German' public opinion which will give the country a certain moral stability. The passive masses will give place to a society which will be both powerful and careful of its dignity.

II

The moral development of the individual ought to correspond with the development of his personality and his reason. We can believe that the moral anarchy under which Germany has lived in the flush of its mad youth will in time disappear. The aging majority, whose passions have cooled, will be able to refuse to the new generations the license which it once obtained by reason of numbers. In a society where life will have lost its intensity, where other people's judgment can again be respected, moral laws will again become binding.

In these times to come Germany will lose her spirit, her gaiety, her love of living. Casual reporters will bring from beyond the Rhine their impressions of a sober, of a saddened Germany. Germans will once more be regarded as a gloomy people. The young, lost in the afflux of older men, will abandon their customary revels, as they have already done in France. Carnivals of years gone by will be wistfully recalled, and father will say to son: 'In my day young people used to know how to have a good time.' Mortality rates will rise so sharply that most families will be in mourning. Sorrow will hang like a pall over Germany.

Statistical studies reveal that the number of workers will not decline noticeably until after 1960. Until then, German industry is assured of the plethora of labor to which it owes its development. But this will prove a heavy handicap to Germany, for it will merely delay its social evolution for a longer time. Eventually the country will have to support a vast number of unemployed and later a useless host of old men. In view of the fact that when the majority of the population is of an active age general activity has always been stimulated, it is to be expected that the growing number of old men ought to slow up economic activity, and with it the possibilities of employing labor. Therefore, during these times to come we must expect that the vast number of poor consumers will continue to orientate German production toward cheapness and will probably restrict it to approximately its present situation.

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German economy will suffer keenly in a field in which it flourished during the period of growth: that of general construction. A population which is stationary and which soon will decline, a population in which the number of unproductive beings will increase daily, will live in the luxurious buildings which were so magnificently conceived and magnificently constructed by a young collective society for which the future seemed full of promise. The situation beyond the Rhine will become like that in present-day France, where an aging population, decreasing and inactive, can no longer fill the buildings of the past. It will doubtless be more striking, because the change will be swifter.

The Germans will live in the past. Unless an unforeseen economic revolution should occur, they will be reduced to keeping up what their fathers have built. They will learn—they who once had been great creators and innovators—to repair and patch, an ignoble profession in which we French have long grown adept. Their cities will lose their sharpness of line, their freshness and their youth, but they will gain in mellowness.

III

If one constructs a graph representing the trend of the German population, one is struck by the implacable character of its course. Before 1914, Germany brought into the world 2 million children every year. Those children have become men and women. As long as they live, they will disturb the equilibrium of the country. And in their old age they will crush it beneath the immense weight of their senility. The evil is there, inevitable, irreparable.

What remedies can be offered? Should Germany keep up a new supply of youth proportionate to her present population by augmenting her birth rate, a solution that is favored by her present-day masters? Yet it does not seem that Germany has anything to gain by increasing her population, which is already far too great for her resources. Or should Germany acquire colonies in order to dispose of her surplus population? Certainly every outlet for the active masses now dominant in Germany will help to relieve the tension. But the colonial solution seems pitifully inadequate, in view of past experience and of the numbers involved. The extreme solution—that of deliberately engaging in war in order to get rid of these superfluous men whom life rejects—is likewise unsatisfactory.

Only the total destruction of the population of some neighboring country and the installation in its place of a good part of the German population would permit a readjustment of German energies to new resources. But such a wholesale destruction will not be permitted; even less now than it was in 1914. However grim the ordeal may appear, Germany seems condemned to suffer from hard times during the next two or three decades.

The post-War treaties have not the slightest bearing on this situation. Even if Germany had retained her 1914 frontiers, she would suffer from the same ills, for her energy would still be compressed within too small a space. The War, no matter what it represents when measured by the human standard, was only an incident which in itself had little effect on the

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social evolution of the country. The demographic implications of this question are immense. We can only surmise about the degree of wretchedness which would exist in Germany today if the War had not arrested the monstrous growth of her population. But here we begin to approach the true cause of war.

We must remark, however, that arguments based on her surplus population which Germany constantly advances in support of her claims to the right to expand are groundless. The fact that there are too many Germans is the result of an error of human instinct. It is a result of youthful folly and exuberance and Germany must bear the consequences thereof and at least try to avoid perpetuating the error. We recognize that at a time when human societies differ so profoundly in their structure the mere size of a population has no absolute demographic meaning. Before we can actually know what the population of a given community should be, we must wait until human groupings are reorganized in the period of equilibrium into which, it seems to me, we are now entering. At least, we must wait until the so-called 'wild stocks,' which have expanded unnaturally, are weeded out. Insofar as this assertion affects Germany, we note that, according to official Reich statistics, Germany will have 46 million inhabitants at the end of the century. With that population the Germans would be able to live comfortably within their frontiers.

After the Raid

Fourteen planes bombed Barceloneta, the fishermen's quarter, a place of no military importance. An infants' school was hit. The number of dead was over a hundred, fifty-six of them children. Two lorries carried away the bodies. In the evening we went down to the Hospital Clinico. In the mortuary over forty bodies, which could be recognized as such, had been laid out. Almost all were women and children. Alongside stood two baskets of limbs and entrails which no human ingenuity could piece together. Here a three-year-old had had his shirt burned to his arm-pits, leaving his little bare behind half torn away. Here a girl of about eleven, who may well have had a certain grace four hours ago, was hideously sprawled, a flap of scalp grotesquely hiding one long-lashed eye. A little boy's right arm ended jaggedly below the shoulder, and another arm from a child perhaps two years younger had been laid in its place.

The attendant wandered in, rolling a cigarette. If he could be of any help—or perhaps we could spare time to come down in the morning? There would be many operations, for more than twice as many wounded had been brought in. They would of course look for bullets, for it was said that many of the children had been machine-gunned by a low-flying plane.

—Richard Ellis and Audrey Russell, in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

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The findings of a group sent out by the Howard League for Penal Reform.

Prisoners *in the* Balkans

By MARGERY FRY

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Manchester Liberal Daily

PENAL REFORM, like other humanitarian movements, is inevitably being forced to move upon an international scale. With modern means of transport crime mocks at frontiers, and police coöperation must also organize itself internationally. This in itself involves a duty of inquiry beyond our own boundaries. There are countries whose methods of treating prisoners, if they were publicly known, would hardly encourage civilized populations to acquiesce in the employment of extradition for even the gravest offenses. Moreover, with the development of a changing technique the nations need to know of each other's experiments. A State which embodied the best of all existent penal systems whilst eschewing their failures would already be far ahead of the best we yet know.

On the prison side (and let us once more emphasize how much larger a subject penal reform is than prison reform) the British Administration is performing a service by its biennial exchanges with the prison services of other countries, but the general public knows little of what is being done in other countries. The Howard League (itself existing primarily to forward the cause of penal reform in Great Britain and her colonies) has for some years been also working toward a closer relation with other countries, and it was for this end that it organized last year a visit to Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Greece. The complete party was four, two Swedes and two English, but it was at full strength for a part of the tour only. What follows concerns, for the most part, conditions in Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia.

We were well aware of the obstacles to our inquiry. We knew that we should see what we were meant to and little else, and we were not surprised to find that even the complaisance of officials in granting us facilities had its limits. At times we were told firmly that certain visits would not be suitable. At others we were

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lured on by a carrot dangling just before us. What it was not convenient to show in one town would certainly be visible in the next; in that next an indispensable official was unfortunately on holiday or repairs were in progress. These repairs are a well-worn excuse to the intrusive stranger! We admired the greater resource of the governor who, as we later learned in a roundabout way, took himself to bed on the occasion of our visit, leaving firm and extensive orders as to what we were *not* to see. What we did see there was bad enough!

II

Our field of vision was limited to ordinary prisons and reformatories. Political prisons and, with one exception, places of confinement under the police were not shown to us. Permission to visit the former was explicitly refused in Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. There were other individual institutions, one of which had the reputation of being 'medieval' and another about which dark stories were told, to which we were refused access. In other cases we found it difficult to learn the reason why leave was given or refused. Moreover, it is hardly to be wondered at if, in suggesting prisons for us to visit, the authorities put forward the names of the better institutions as 'more interesting.' Yet it is a fair conclusion that what is not shown is at least not better than what is, and if we take the prisons we visited as typical, we shall not err on the side of severity. The very refusal of access is itself a fact of some importance.

In the prisons we did see, we no doubt were not shown all, and there had probably been some special preparations. Yet the accustomed observer sees a little more than he is meant to. Rows of suspiciously clean towels, carpets precariously balanced on stairways, little mountains of filth in corners still showing the sweep of the brush, colored paper pinned and tucked round ineradicable dirt (the newly opened quires still littering the storeroom), parades of plants in unlikely places, flower-pots whose freshly turned earth showed their occupants to be newly moved in, prisoners hastily pushed aside and doors shut, cells a little too obviously selected for display, dripping passages smelling too freshly of soap, naïve enthusiasm of a sick woman over a radiator warm for the first time—all these give hints that a good face has been put upon things for the visitor. Perhaps, like wary old birds, we cocked a too suspicious eye at the chaff which had been prepared for our catching. After all, it is only natural to aim at a good impression, and to a large extent the really tragic side of the prisons was not altogether in the control of the officials.

As a result the best impression was made by places where we were frankly shown the bad with the good, dark punishment cells, unsanitary workshops, or overcrowded rooms, side by side perhaps with some brave attempt at a hospital or a well-tilled garden. There were some officials who roused sympathy and admiration by their struggle against an insufficiency of staff, of salary and of funds.

In one country we were told, but could not verify the story, of a group of governors who threatened to close their prisons and release their prisoners unless they could have enough to

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feed them on. In Bulgaria, it is impossible for the prisons to be heated unless the prisoners themselves pay for fuel; in Rumania, prison budgets speak for themselves. In 1930, the sum allowed for the prisoners' maintenance was 66,000,000 lei; by the year 1934–35 it had dropped to 22,000,000. It has now been raised again to 32,000,000. In 1933, the cost of food alone was 30,000,000; at present it is 14,000,000 lei a year. Actually, what a prison governor has to feed his men on is between four and five lei a day —rumor, which we cannot vouch for, has it that at Doftana the sum is three lei.

At the time of our visit the official rate of exchange was about 650 lei to the pound, but 800 were freely offered. If we take this latter figure as representing roughly the purchasing value of the leu, we find that the official allowance for food is a little over 2 cents a day. We must regretfully add that we received information, from a source impossible to disregard, that in some prisons this pittance is further diminished by peculation on the part of officials.

The salaries of prison officers are so low that it is almost impossible for an honest man without other means to make ends meet. The governor of a large prison may receive no more than £12 a month.

In fairness, it must be added that the prisoners do receive a very small wage, which they can spend at the canteen of the prison on bread, sausage, sugar, chocolate, soap, toothpaste and tobacco. Here, again, it is impossible to form a sure estimate of amounts. Some light is thrown upon it by the extremely exiguous provision of the one canteen we saw, where some 650 men spent on an average of 500 to 700 lei a day. Actually some of the men were away on a prison farm, some in solitary confinement not earning, but if we add 2 lei per man per day we shall make a generous estimate. We shall arrive at a total of from 6 to 8 lei a day, less than half the provision for a child in the municipal schools (15 lei) and barely more than half the sum of 12 lei on which the charitable schools find it so hard to feed their children. Where the prisoners have friends able and willing to supplement their food this is allowed, at any rate in the case of non-political prisoners; but this is at the best an uncertain source of supply.

III

Perhaps one of the aspects of the Balkan prisons which struck us most was the general absence of any recognition of the mental needs of a normal human being. Nowhere did we find any regular system of outside visitors, of frequent lectures, or of classes. Occasionally we heard vaguely that 'lectures were given;' on further inquiry they seemed almost always to resolve themselves into an occasional moral discourse. Education, where it exists, is given by priests or prison officials and is generally confined to the illiterates. Prison libraries, as a rule, are utterly insufficient and seemed little used.

In some places work hours were so long as to constitute a kind of slavery under unwholesome and crowded conditions; in others a dismal idleness prevails. This does not matter so terribly where several people are confined in one cell. Home-made chessmen or dominoes help the slow days

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along, but for men or women in solitary confinement it is a torture leading sometimes to actual madness.

The detestable practice of solitary confinement persists in all the countries we visited, and far too often the first month has to be passed without books or work. The fantastic doctrine that the prisoner is well employed in thinking over the enormity of his crime was solemnly offered to us on several occasions. Until solitary confinement can be abolished every effort should be made to obtain some means of mitigating its dangerous effects by occupation. Its most horrible development is in dark punishment cells. We have heard of prisoners passing up to a month in such places and of some whose eyesight has been ruined by the experience.

In Yugoslavia, after solitary confinement comes the second grade of imprisonment, ordinary within-the-walls treatment; after two-fifths of the sentence has been served, a freer régime is allowed. At one village we saw men at this stage, coming and going freely, with carts or on foot, like ordinary workmen, without a guard. After half the sentence prisoners are eligible for conditional liberation. This system, unfortunately, does not extend to political prisoners nor to the unfortunate sect of the Nazarenes.

These people are religious pacifists, condemned as 'deserters' by the military courts. As they have not been 'reformed' (unless they renounce their creed) they cannot benefit by remission as the ordinary criminals do. Moreover, when released they are liable to being sent back to the army, and the whole miserable business begins again, so that between 20 and 40 they are seldom out of prison.

As for buildings, those that we saw varied from the excellent to the unspeakable. Most of the buildings are low, and even when built on the English model they are not crowded together. The worst prison we saw for sordid misery boasts a magnificent Byzantine church—relic of former grandeur—in its center. Some of the women's prisons, bitterly cold, are adaptations of monasteries or châteaux of considerable beauty. The interiors range from blocks built with every attention to light and space to overcrowded dens recalling Hogarth's pictures. Prison hospitals vary from a sordid room with mean beds, dirty blankets, and not even nightshirts or sheets, to well-equipped departments, clean and reasonably comfortable.

The food, everywhere monotonous and rough, ranged from starvation rations to a just reasonable level of nourishment. Sleeping places ran from the bare boards to quite good beds. The range of personnel would be invidious to describe. With regard to clothing the position varies. Even in the same country, you may find one prison where the men have been fitted out with solid, if sometimes hideous, uniforms, while there are others whose inmates are having to wait their turn barefoot and in abject rags. Overcrowding is often terrible, up to eighteen or nineteen persons in one not large room, with hardly space to move between the beds, the inhabitants sleeping, eating, working in it—and too often washing and satisfying the needs of nature there too. In Bulgaria overcrowding has been temporarily a little improved by the large-scale amnesty granted this year in honor of the Crown Prince's birth. But the figures are creeping up, and there is no

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reason at present to suppose that the relief will be more than temporary.

It would be unfair not to recognize some points in which England, in many ways so advanced, might profit by lessons from the countries of Eastern Europe. In Hungary, at the large prison for men at Vàc, we were amazed at the effort made since the War by an impoverished and mutilated country by which a really first-rate hospital had been provided. In buildings and equipment it far surpassed anything in our own country—and the wide balconies for patients, though caged in by strong bars which would have been more appropriate to healthy tigers than to the tuberculous wretches who lay there, were humanely placed so as to give a wonderful view of the winding Danube. A little more recognition of human needs would have provided the patients with some books or occupation and would have assured them the privilege of visits from their friends.

Again, in a Rumanian boys' prison, with some claims to be considered 'modern,' we watched a boy, convicted of deliberate murder, turning out a well-made piece of furniture. The two English members of the party found themselves simultaneously comparing his fate with that of several boys of his age hanged within recent years in England, and felt ashamed to share our thoughts with our Swedish colleagues, for whom executions belong to a remote and shameful past.

While there can be, we fear, little doubt that actual violence is used in some Balkan prisons, there is a strong probability that the greatest amount of physical suffering is caused by hunger, cold and insufficient medical attention. We were repeatedly reminded that the peasants live very roughly, but, in such houses as we saw, the inhabitants seemed to have at least the comfort which comes to those who are not too proud to sleep *en famille* in the kitchen. The bitter winter nights spent with thin, tattered coverings in unwarmed rooms must be a very real part of prison hardship.

IV

While life in a Balkan prison is anything but pleasant, yet the remark, painfully familiar from other parts of the world, reached us here also: 'It was like heaven to get into a real prison after the police detention.' In all the countries we visited there are laws relating to the handing over of accused persons by the police to the prison authorities shortly after their arrest. But in all there exist methods, more or less legal, of nullifying these provisions. In some cases the *procureur*, whose functions may be said to be those of a public prosecutor, can give leave for a prolonged detention; in others the court may give permission; in others it would appear that the law is quietly disregarded.

In one place where we were staying we heard that a well-known citizen had actually been in the hands of the police for about a month, his family, his doctor and his lawyer all refused admittance. It is common knowledge that during this time ill-usage frequently occurs. In one country we heard on good authority of two recent cases where unfortunate men accused of murder were so cruelly ill-used that rather than suffer more they 'confessed' with full details, and were only saved from conviction because

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the supposed victims turned up alive and well. One of these men suffered agonies from having the intestines inflated by a pump thrust up the anus. A lad accused of theft was actually killed by a police officer who jabbed at his temple with a fork to force an admission of guilt. The case was interpreted as suicide. In another country a well-educated man who was arrested on a political charge but acquitted on trial told us how he had been forced to watch another man being beaten by the police in order to procure evidence against him. In fact it is said that in a large number of arrests (we have heard it put as high as 25 per cent of the total number) the accused are beaten, either to make them confess or to procure evidence against supposed accomplices.

It is long since a sentence was quashed in Yugoslavia on the grounds that the verdict rested on evidence obtained by violence. Quite recently we heard of a man accused of a political offense in Hungary so brutally treated, having been hung up by the hands and indescribably ill-used, that he could not lift his arm when his wife obtained access to him. Sometimes the use of electricity to produce agony gives a touch of macabre modernity to the methods of the Inquisition.

We, who have recently been horrified by the revelations in *Manchester Guardian* of the use of similar methods in British India, cannot afford to indulge in righteous indignation. But we can determine that these horrors shall not be allowed to become a part of the routine of criminal procedure if the world-wide indignation of decent people can prevent it. The League of Nations has promised an early discussion of the whole question of the treatment of the untried prisoner; the information we have gathered in the course of our journey has confirmed us in the view that upright people in every country must unite to clear this scab from the fair face of justice.

When Roosevelt Smiles

In many countries, the ruler can only be allowed to be seen smiling at little girls, and he and his followers must freeze into gargoyle-like hostility at the mere possibility that they may from time to time err, or at the mention of the obscene names of Marx or Trotski. Mr. Roosevelt is not in the position of Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler. And a great popular leader who can afford to be laughed at has cards in his hand that cannot be played by the infallible. It was one of Mr. Hoover's weaknesses that he smiled with difficulty; it is one of Mr. Roosevelt's strengths that he smiles easily and with charm. When he smiles most expansively, however, practical politicians have learned to get ready to duck and to run, if necessary.

—D. W. Brogan in the *Fortnightly*, London

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The saga of a crocodile who outlived four generations in Chipolila village.

N'gwenya

By DENIS TOWNLEY

From the *Cornhill Magazine*
London Literary Monthly

IT WAS rather like a duck's egg, but larger and more oval, perhaps three-and-a-half inches long by two inches wide; and it stood out, snow-white, against the wet sand by the reed clump. Overhead, old Milvus, the Yellow-billed Kite, that cunning pilferer of unconsidered trifles, watched it longingly as he poised, wings scarcely aquiver, resting on the river breeze.

They had been there since dawn. Gondo, the five-foot monitor lizard, lay spread-eagled on the big gray rock at the tail of the eddy. Timsa, of course, was in her usual place: on the patch of damp, black soil, flung up and left by the February floods, at the lower end of the pool.

For a crocodile Timsa was not very large. She was about nine feet long and four feet in girth; well-grown, considering her age, for she was merely a young matron of eighty. She had been there for twelve weeks, hardly ever leaving that uneasy couch, and the soil was packed hard over an area five yards in diameter, ribbed with countless impressions of its thousand-pound load.

Although old Milvus had not actually seen the eggs until today, he had known all about them. Somewhere in that patch of flattened soil, about ten inches underground, would lie from fifty to seventy large white spheres. He had known that they were due to hatch out almost any day now. When, that morning, he saw that Timsa was not in her usual place but down in the shallows under the bank, he had drifted quietly across to have a closer look. If the crocodile—hearing the chirping of her offspring—had scraped away the protecting soil above the nest, it might be possible to snatch an egg before she saw him and returned. A crocodile's egg—or even a new-born crocodile—would be very acceptable; there were two balls of brown fluff, yellow beaks constantly agape for food, in the Baobab tree just above the Chipolila Falls.

Cunning old rogue that he was, Milvus did not drop sheer to his

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quarry. He floated gently across to the other side of the pool and gently back, low to the ground and casting no telltale shadow on the sand. A long, gliding swoop and he skimmed the reed clump and arrived over the nest—to find that he had been forestalled! In the very center of the clearing was a rough crater of loose sand. Outside it a dozen broken shells. On the lip stood Gondo, his snake-like head and wrinkled neck lowered over the excavation, in the act of taking an egg, while his wife was not ten yards away, scurrying riverward with yet another in her mouth. Baffled in his own dark designs, Milvus took care that Gondo should not profit in his stead. Up into the air he shot, with a strident shriek that echoed from the cliff-face.

Before the last echo had died Timsa was out of the pool. For so apparently clumsy a reptile she moved with incredible speed. She left the water in a cloud of spray, and was up the steep bank in a flash, all her length well off the ground.

On the top of the bank they met, almost face to face. Gondo's wife—the egg still in her mouth—was making full speed for the water. She dropped the egg and shot past Timsa. She passed her head . . . her body . . . two-thirds of her tail . . . and then it happened. That tail swung back and sideways, lashed forward in a glittering arc, and Gondo's wife—was Gondo's wife no more. The egg lay where it had fallen, looking, to Milvus, through the heat blanket above it, like a white pebble in a swiftly running stream.

Timsa lay as motionless as a stone. Four or five feet behind her tail lay the egg. A big black warrior ant, nearly two inches long, saw it lying near his path, came up to it, examined it carefully—and left in rather a hurry. The next visitor was a dragonfly. He cut a path of flaming iridescent blue above it, lit, and settled himself. Two seconds later he shot vertically into the air and vanished, while the shell cracked at the spot where he had rested.

Then things began to happen. A flake of shell dropped to the ground. Out shot a shiny black snout, followed by a pair of wicked green eyes—absurdly large for the tiny head. N'gwenya took his first look at the world.

He did not waste time. One brief survey of the small area vouchsafed him by his egg-shell collar, and he got down to business. His ordinary teeth were somewhat inadequate for tackling the tough, leathery membrane which imprisoned him, but at the tip of his snout was a single gleaming fang—much larger than its fellows—provided by Nature for this very purpose. He made good use of it!

A dozen bites—accompanied by hissing swear-words which no crocodile of his tender age should have known—and he was free. A convulsive wriggle or two and he emerged in his entirety; a little ill-proportioned, but otherwise a perfect replica, in miniature, of Timsa herself; nine inches long to his mother's nine feet. N'gwenya should really have been bigger, but he was really quite as large as could be expected, seeing that he had hatched out a full ten days before his time, and under the most adverse conditions. Out of his egg in safety, he was ready to face the thousand-and-one dangers which beset a small crocodile during the first twenty years of his life.

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The baby crocodile had not lain there five minutes before he was called upon to face the first of those 'thousand-and-one.' It wasn't really a danger at all, but N'gwenya could not know that. Merely old Katawa, the quaint Hammerheaded Stork—most inoffensive frog-eater that ever flapped a clumsy course over the Sabi. All the same, he cast a shadow; and a shadow spelled danger! One flick of his minute tail, and the crocodile spun round to face the pool. Away he scuttled, reached the lip of the sand bank, glissaded down it and dived from sight into the muddy water.

But why didn't he run to his mother for protection? There is a passage in the work of a very early naturalist, who studied these reptiles in the seventeenth century, which reads: 'And if he findeth his offspring by the river brim he slayeth him, and he weepeth over him, and then he doth swallow him.' Like many another naturalist since his time, he may have drawn a little upon his imagination, but there is some truth in his statement, nevertheless. No small crocodile which wants to live long takes any chances with his mother—much less with his elder brothers and sisters, his uncles and aunts!

N'gwenya was in the Chipolila Pool, safely launched on his long life of adventure and wanderings that cover one hundred and thirty-five years. One hundred and thirty-five years is a long period, too long to relate N'gwenya's history in detail, so it will be necessary to cover whole decades within a page. A pity, since a crocodile's life—especially the first thirty years or so of his babyhood—is one long epic of peril and adventure. And that is not surprising when you think that thousands upon thousands of crocodile's eggs are hatched yearly on the banks of the Sabi, and yet the adults in a five-mile stretch of the river can be numbered on the fingers of your hands. . . .

II

Fifty years passed.

The falls were the same as ever, playing their ceaseless tune under a brassy August sky, but in the midst of the river was an island of white sand. At the head of the island, ranged with almost mathematical exactitude side by side on the sand, lay five small crocodiles. The only one among them which was recognizable from his fellows was N'gwenya, for he lacked the last six segments of his high-finned tail.

He lost that tail-tip when he was just three years old; and he lost it through a piece of folly which nearly cost him his life. He had been lying along a branch which jutted out over the deep water, when a most succulent-looking mouse had swam past under his very nose. He dived without a second thought, and had nearly reached his prize when he realized that there was another hunter after the same prey. A huge Tiger Fish loomed up—not ten feet away, and darted downstream like an arrow.

N'gwenya left the mouse and made for the bank as fast as his lashing tail could drive him. The fish—disregarding the mouse—tore after him. In spite of his start N'gwenya was being overhauled rapidly. He reached the shore before his pursuer, but it took some time to scramble to safety and his tail still hung over the bank when the fish arrived. N'chene's jaws came together with a metallic snap.

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Up the bank scuttled N'gwenya, swearing horribly—a sore, but wiser crocodile—and dived into the shelter of the reeds, while N'chene sheered away upstream in a wide curve, engulfing the luckless mouse.

On that day N'gwenya had learned wisdom, and though he had seen hundreds of his companions meet their deaths from various causes—some eaten by their larger brethren, others falling prey to the great gray herons and to Kapungu, the Fish Eagle—he survived from year to year.

Even during the short fifty years of his life N'gwenya had seen many changes. He had watched the children of Chipolila village grow from tiny babies, strapped to their mothers' backs, into scampering youngsters, splashing in the shallows; into young men, promoted from the toy bows and spears of their childhood to the real weapons of the chase; and finally into bearded elders of the village council.

The year before, too, he had seen that mighty flood—the talk of the river tribes for generations. On the heels of the spate came the rain: such a rain as the valley had never known. It was not a series of heavy thunder showers, with intervals of burning sunshine, which was the type of weather to be expected in January. Instead, the sky was obscured by a yellow haze, fraught with scurrying, ragged clouds which thickened into one impenetrable steel-gray blanket, stretching from horizon to horizon. For a whole month that downpour never ceased.

N'gwenya spent most of his time in the yeasty eddies under the high banks below the pool, for there the fish were sheltering and the hunting was good. He was lying there one evening after a particularly satisfying meal, listening to the endless pattering of the rain. Suddenly, from around the hill appeared a great yellow wave, crested with foam and filling the river from bank to bank. Before the crocodile could gather his scattered wits he was flung over the protecting bank.

His headlong career ended abruptly. With a jar which shook him from stem to stern he came down on some hard, ridged object, and there he clung while the water foamed on past him. It was one of the bush-pole platforms used by the natives for storing their grain. As he clung there he saw Chipolila village kindle into a dozen points of torchlight, heard the frenzied shouting of the men, the screaming of women. The flares wound swiftly toward the hills like some huge luminous snake. Then N'gwenya was washed loose from his hold by the still-rising flood and swept inland.

III

Next morning the dawn broke gray and cheerless over a huge inland sea, fifteen miles across, studded with trees that still stood above the flood and broken by numerous islands, formed where little kopjes rose above the flats. Nearly every one of these islets harbored survivors of the flood.

The larger game had left the valley weeks before, but the smaller beasts remained, and such of these as had not been washed away and drowned by the first wave were marooned on every hillock which rose above the water. Ant-bears, porcupines, honey-badgers, mongooses, wild cats, cane rats, squirrels and countless smaller animals; they lay there terrified and shivering, all tribal differences

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forgotten for the moment. Later, when the pangs of hunger asserted themselves, there would be a different story.

For a week the face of the water was littered with corpses; some—mere mangled, putrefying lumps of meat, these—which had been carried down the gorge on the crest of the flood; others drowned since the water had spread out over the lower valley. Buck and swine, sheep and goats—N'gwenya's people took their pick.

It was then that N'gwenya first acquired his taste for human flesh. The old people were the first to go. Many of them did not survive the cold and damp for more than a few days. When they died they were consigned to the flood. After them came the women and children, and then the men, one by one. Many of these last, rather than face death by exposure and slow starvation, took to the water in a final, desperate attempt to swim to safety; but hardly one succeeded. Even among the river tribes, very few natives are strong swimmers.

At long last the flood receded. Gradually the people were able to creep back to their abandoned villages—now mere piles of sodden mud and grass—to face the lean months of starvation until the next year's crops should be ready to reap.

N'gwenya, with half a dozen of his fellows, worked back slowly toward the river, keeping to the fringe of the retreating water, until they arrived at the Makari Pan. Here they lingered, for they did not know that, although the level of this inland lake dropped but slowly, between its shores and the river stretched nearly ten miles of Mopane forest which, in a month or two, would be as dry as a desert.

From March, when the floods receded, to September, when he left the Pan, N'gwenya learned the marsh life; saw the flighting of the wild geese in the dawning; watched the purple jacanas, balancing themselves delicately as they trod the lily pads, and the great gray herons and white-bellied storks as they stood, so many carven sentinels, over their fishing grounds and listened through the long, moonlit nights to the whistling of the wings of a thousand wild duck and the melancholy cry of the bitterns.

Food in the Makari was scarce; only a few barbel and an occasional water bird. But N'gwenya had fed well during the flood, and a crocodile can starve for a month—or even two months—without discomfort. As their range became restricted, they grew restless until, one bright night in early September, led by a huge fifteen-footer, they left the Pan and headed with the unerring instinct of the wild for the river.

They traveled all that night, waddling in single file, with frequent pauses for rest. They steered a course as true as by any compass, while the night beasts gave them a wide berth. At last they reached Chitza's village, and headed straight between the huts toward the steep bank of the Sabi.

No man saw that strange procession, for natives sleep heavily and there were no dogs to give them warning, but one or two of the sleepers were awakened a few minutes later by a succession of deep, sullen reports, like so many big guns, as the crocodiles dived into the river.

IV

The elders of Chipolila village died, one by one, and were carried to their

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burial caves in the surrounding hills, while the women wailed a wild requiem for their passing. The village which was Chiruma's became N'dare's, and then Rumpangwane's; and still N'gwenya was the constant watcher of the pool.

One day, from his sand bank, N'gwenya watched the Chipolila children splashing, as usual, in the shallows, while the women gossiped round the water calabashes. That night came a huge *impi* from the south—one of Tchaka's regiments—destined to reap a red path far into the north, to conquer and settle what is now known as Angoniland. The next morning N'gwenya watched them pass; perhaps two thousand ringed and painted warriors, who marched down to the ford in orderly ranks, with a tread that shook the ground. By that afternoon they had gone, taking the Chipolila women with them, while where the village had stood rose a pall of gray smoke. A solitary vulture dropped in slow spirals out of the blue above it—signal for a hundred others to converge to the feast.

Five years later the village was rebuilt, for the pool was bordered by good grazing and was one of the best fishing-places on the river; so again N'gwenya heard the laughter of children round the water and the pounding of grain stamps under the hill. For the next twenty years the valley was left in comparative peace, except for inter-tribal bickerings, such as must always occur in a savage community.

N'gwenya was now one hundred years old—eleven feet of ribbed and corrugated armor-plate. He was one of the landmarks of the river, for not only was he easily recognized by his great bulk and shortened tail, but his exploits had earned him notoriety for miles around the district. The taste for human flesh, acquired during the flood of fifty years ago, had never left him. For many years it had been sustained by an occasional corpse, brought down by the spate, and by a few small babies, for when a woman of the village gave birth to twins, one or other of these luckless infants would be carried down to the pool at midnight by the local witch-doctor. There, with due ceremony, it was flung far out into the deep water.

In his eightieth year N'gwenya had graduated from man-eater to man-killer. He had been lying near the ford when a belated hunter had arrived at the bank, and started to wade across the river in the dusk. He was not ten feet from the crocodile when he had stooped to drink, and as his scooping hand skimmed the surface N'gwenya rose to it, as a big fish rises to a fly. The unfortunate hunter, already half off his balance, had no chance. He gave one scream; then he vanished in a wild flurry of water. He was the first of many. N'gwenya knew no pity, and what he gripped he held. This was merely one more type of food; more appetizing than others, and easier to kill.

As a rule natives are very careful in their dealings with crocodiles and take all possible precautions when crossing rivers, drinking at strange pools, or fishing; but there always comes a time when caution is forgotten or ignored: a belated traveler—such as N'gwenya's first victim—trying to reach home before night, or, more often, a hunter who carries a charm against crocodiles and, with the pathetic faith of the native in talismans, presumes on his immunity.

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Just after N'gwenya had taken his fifth human victim, a strange *ulendo* arrived in the Chipolila village. They were yellow men—half-caste Portuguese ivory hunters—and they carried the first guns that had ever been seen in the valley. That night the visitors sat long over the fires, holding forth to an admiring circle of villagers, and their leader, as an earnest of good-will toward his hosts (and also because he needed carriers), promised that the next morning should see the death of the big crocodile which was the terror of the ford.

At sunrise the crack shot of the party, accompanied by a guide and followed by the entire village, arrived at the bank of the pool. There was no difficulty in distinguishing his mark, for N'gwenya lay in full view on his usual sand bank. While the crowd watched in awe-struck silence, the hunter placed a forked stick in the ground, took aim and pulled trigger.

The gun went off with a roar which nearly dislodged the loose shale on the cliffs, while a pall of black, evil-smelling smoke hid N'gwenya from sight. When it cleared nothing could be seen but a cloud of falling spray, and a huge wave spreading outward from the island whence he had vanished. For three days the villagers watched the pool, but no body rose to the surface and N'gwenya was not to be seen. By common consent it was decided that, badly wounded, he had crept into some underground cavern to die.

V

Actually he was very far from being dead, but he had received a nasty shock. The four-ounce iron bullet from the gun had struck him a glancing blow on the armored neck-plate just between the shoulders, cracking the plate but failing to penetrate. After his first dive he swam straight down the pool, keeping under water as long as his lungs would allow—about twelve minutes. That first dive brought him beyond the ford, and he forged on without pausing, sometimes above water and sometimes below, for the whole of that day and well into the night. At midnight he climbed out on a reedy island to rest, for his wound attracted the small fish.

The next morning he was on his way again, and for ten days he continued to work downstream. The country changed from the familiar M'lala palm and sand banks to open flats, where the river ran sluggishly under high banks; then into dense forest, where the water lapped among the giant tree-roots and flying foxes flapped overhead in the twilight. By the tenth day the river had widened to nearly five miles across, and N'gwenya could hear a noise like his own falls at Chipolila when the night wind used to sweep down the gorge; a constant, surging roar.

It was the sea.

The Sabi delta was a good place, from the point of view of a crocodile, but it was more suited to a fish-eater than one of N'gwenya's size and bulk. When a crocodile passes the ten-foot mark he needs more than a fish diet to keep him filled. Here the animal life was confined to a few bush buck, and an infinite variety of monkeys and smaller beasts.

Two seasons later he headed upstream once more, and after fifty miles of leisurely travel he came upon a veritable crocodile's paradise. It was a long stretch of sluggish stream, with

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high, steep banks where the animals, when they wished to drink, were confined to a few narrow *dongas* which cut the river at right angles. Each of these inlets had its small, sandy beach, fringed with high reeds. Human beings there were none, for the country was low-lying and unhealthy, but game abounded, and N'gwenya seldom went hungry.

By his hundred and thirtieth year he was fourteen feet long and over eight feet in girth, his hide crested and gnarled like some enormous tree. He could catch a full-grown buffalo bull by the nose and drag him under water in less than a minute. When he took his prey from the bank, with a headlong rush from behind and a sweeping stroke of the tail, even a thousand-pound eland would be flung far out in the stream—usually with two broken legs.

But there came a time when N'gwenya began to feel his age. No longer was he certain of a kill when he hunted from the bank, and even in the water he sometimes missed his grip. His sixth—and last—set of teeth had been completed ten years ago and when, as occasionally happened when dismembering one of his larger victims, a tooth was torn from its socket, no new one pushed forth in its place.

With old age came a great yearning for the valley he had left full thirty years ago—for the song of Chipolila, and the pool where he had first seen the light. One night in early June found him heading upstream. Only the great bay fishing-owls saw him leave.

Three weeks later—for he had grown stiff and slow in the last few years, and was breasting a strong current—he was home. A new crocodile, a stranger, was lord of Chipolila Pool; but N'gwenya was not too old to fight. Before the dawn of the first day he was left in undisputed possession.

VI

The pool was little changed since he had left it. Chipolila village still nestled in the hollow above the ford and the people—a new generation—had grown careless after years of immunity when crossing the river. They soon learned caution; but not before two members of the village had gone the way of so many before them.

For that last spell of life vouchsafed him, N'gwenya was happier than he had ever been. He spent long, dreamy days, lulled by the old, familiar song of the falls; lay in his old hunting-places through nights of shimmering star-shine, while he listened to the barking of the baboons in their sleeping caves and the guttural love songs of the hippopotami. His former mate of thirty years ago had remained faithful to the pool, and her he rejoined. That July she scraped her nest-hole in the reeds below the fall, and by the end of the month she had settled down to the long and trying work of incubation.

But the day of N'gwenya's reckoning was upon him. One breathless, torrid afternoon in October he was lying under the cliff, where he was concealed from view by the overhang and at the same time enjoyed a cooling showerbath from the drifting spray of the fall. Nearly opposite him, and in full view, lay his wife, her snout close to the nest and her tail overhanging the water.

N'gwenya's first warning of danger was a small flake of granite, which

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came rattling down the cliff-face, flew clear and splashed into the pool by his side; next came a shower of rubble; then two figures turned the corner of the rocks and climbed cautiously down toward him. The one was a native, the other a strange white-faced human, carrying what he knew by experience to be a gun. Neither of them noticed N'gwenya, right under their feet, for their attention was concentrated on his wife where she lay in full view on the farther bank. When they were about ten feet above him he slipped off the ledge and submerged with hardly a ripple. The white man sat on a convenient ledge and took slow and careful aim.

There came a vicious, whip-like crack, the dull thud of a striking bullet, and then the thunder of conflicting echoes round the cliff. The crocodile was hit fairly behind the shoulder with a solid bullet, which raked heart and lungs before emerging from her mouth; yet, even so, she did not die at once. She started at the impact; then slowly she raised her head, until her nose pointed upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. She opened her mouth in what seemed to be a colossal yawn. . . . Then the great jaws came together with a clash that rang round the cliffs and, spinning round, she leaped clear over the bank into the pool and sank like a stone.

All that night N'gwenya bellowed and barked below the ford, but he did not visit the head of the pool until morning. Just at sunrise he climbed slowly out at the nest-site. As might have been expected, a monitor lizard was hard at work there, but N'gwenya did not seem to notice—or to care. The monitor fled for its life, and the crocodile lumbered slowly forward until he stood beside the ravaged nest. There he sank down and lay motionless.

The sun rose in all its glory, cleared the cliff and started to burn its way into the sand. Of the twenty or so eggs which remained in the nest-hole three had chipped, and out of one protruded the head of a baby crocodile. As the little reptile wormed himself clear of the shell, not two feet from the head of his sire, the huge crocodile's eyes, wide and unblinking, gazed through and over him. N'gwenya's thoughts were far away; maybe covering this, the tale of his years—or perhaps he was sleeping, for he lay as motionless as death.

Suddenly he moved—no more than the faintest tremor. In that instant came a sharp thud, as if some wind-whipped branch had lashed his side; an appreciable interval, and then the crash of a rifle from the farther cliff.

That one tremor, and he lay exactly as before, while behind one unblinking eye oozed a single spot of blood.

Then the eyelid drooped—and closed.

Five minutes later came a crunching of booted feet in the sand. The baby crocodile was suddenly galvanized into active life and dived into the shelter of the reeds.

'Gad! he is a monster! I wonder when he lost the end of that tail.'

The tall white man turned to his gun-bearer.

'Maraca, destroy these eggs, and then go and tell the people of the village that they need fear no more. The big crocodile, his wife and his children are all dead.'

Under the bank a single withy bent slowly toward the water as the tiny form of the baby crocodile crawled out along it.

Chichindwe, Southern Rhodesia.

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Persons and Personages

France's Strong Man

By Arved Arenstam

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zürich Independent Weekly

FAR-REACHING reforms have taken place in the National Defense of France. Consideration has at last been given to the constant demand in leading military circles for a centralization of the command. The Chief of the General Staff, General Gamelin, has been appointed Chief of Staff of the country's entire National Defense. In the event of war he would automatically become supreme commander of all the armed forces. The three Ministries concerned have also been thoroughly reorganized: the Aviation Ministry and the Navy Ministry, while continuing to exist *de jure* as independent institutions, have been placed *de facto* under the orders of the War Ministry. Thus, the power and authority of the Minister of War have been greatly enhanced, and the Minister of War is the responsible head of the entire French Defense establishment.

This post, probably the most important and responsible one that France has to fill, is now regarded as being virtually non-political. It is held by Edmond Daladier, who has worked uninterrupted at his task throughout all the recent Cabinet changes. During his twenty-one months in office his popularity and prestige have increased remarkably. Yet only a few years ago he was the most bitterly hated man in France, at least in Nationalist circles, and his name will forever be linked with the bloody suppression of the riots of February 6, 1934. During the Blum era he was the only Popular Front Minister who really gained the confidence of the Opposition. Daladier, it is now said on every hand, is the best War Minister France has had since Maginot. Moreover, Daladier is now regarded as France's Number 1 strong man. So the memory of February, 1934, has faded, and some day history will connect his name, like Maginot's, with French rearmament, which must play so important a rôle in European politics today.

Edmond Daladier represents the genuine native French character. Whether he is actually as impetuous as he seems to be, or whether a certain weakness is hidden behind his harsh, almost brutal mask remains to be seen. But just now France inclines to the strong man interpretation. Daladier has been able to keep the Army, the sacred defender of the nation, out of the recent heated political struggles. He has striven unceasingly to increase the efficiency and morale of the Army. Once, during a

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session of the Chamber, he called out: 'The eyes of the Army are directed solely toward the frontiers of our country; our soldiers will have nothing to do with party struggles. The defense of the Fatherland, the safety of the nation, are their sole concern.'

Daladier represents the 'national' idea. An ardent patriot, he wishes France to be strong. He is a realist who does not believe in the effectiveness of treaties, even when he himself concluded them. He signed the name of France to the Four-Power Pact, the actual meaning of which nobody today knows. Daladier has remained the Jacobin for whom the people's rule is identical with nationalism in its best sense.

He springs from the people. His father was a baker in the Vaucluse region, a wild mountainous land where the people lack the amiable attitude of other French regions; rather, they are like their region itself—rough, even somewhat wild. These men, of whom there are not a great many in France, can also hate. Daladier himself hates snobs, inherited wealth, the glamour and idleness of society, the sensitive weaklings among his officers. He does not wish to appear distinguished; he remains what he is—a son of the people. One rarely encounters Daladier at fashionable Paris receptions. Nobody knew his wife, the daughter of a country doctor, who died two years ago, leaving him two sons. Before he became Minister, he used to set out on his bicycle from the Palais Bourbon after the Chamber sessions for his little cottage in the *banlieu*. His manners are simple and natural. He is unfamiliar with the subtleties of the diplomatic language, which he detests.

In 1922 I visited him with a letter of recommendation from Navachine, who was murdered a year ago under mysterious circumstances in the Bois de Boulogne. Navachine asked his friend Daladier, who at that time was an unknown young Deputy, to take me to a session of the Chamber. Thus, it was Daladier who initiated me into the secrets of French parliamentarianism, who pointed out to me the leading Deputies, making thumb-nail appraisals of each. His comments on these men, some of whom were famous, were pointed and almost brutal.

Before this man of the people both the Marshals and all the Generals of France stand at attention today. Daladier does not regard himself as an intruder into this circle. He served in the trenches with distinction for four years. He started at the bottom, became a sergeant, rose to the rank of captain. He is a soldier.

Daladier's efforts to get a good education led rather directly to his entrance into politics. At the Lycée in Lyons he met the man who later became his political mentor. Herriot, director of the school, interested himself in the young student, took him under his wing and paved the way for his future. Daladier's political concept—the revolutionary doctrine of 1789—springs from Herriot's. It is a blend of nationalism and democ-

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racy. After the War, in the so-called Khaki Elections of 1919, he was elected for the first time to the Chamber of Deputies. He did not distinguish himself at once in the debates. Herriot still overshadowed the entire Radical Socialist group. Nobody could rise to the top unless Herriot desired it. Did the young Daladier wish to free himself from Herriot's grip? Does the present feud between the two men spring from that early urge of the younger man for independence?

Daladier, stubborn and hot-headed, did free himself from Herriot. He is more a man of deeds and less of a talker than Herriot. He is strong-willed and not sentimental. Above all, he is younger. One day, when Herriot made good his threat to lay down the leadership of the Party, 'Dala,' as his friends call him, became his successor. From there to the position of Premier it was only a step.

Daladier has been Premier of France twice. During his second period in office, the bloody revolt of February 6th occurred. The Stavisky scandal, revealing the existence of corruption in high places, had brought the people's patience to the boiling point. The Fascists, realizing the situation, saw their opportunity coming. The opponents of the régime utilized the excitement of the masses and took action. The national groups took to the streets. With the slogan 'Down with the régime!' demonstrators moved to the Chamber of Deputies. The long-expected Fascist revolution had broken out. It was in this decisive hour that everything depended on the head of the Government. What would Daladier do? When demonstrators attempted to cross the Pont de la Concorde to reach the Chamber of Deputies, they were received with bullets. 'They are shooting, they are really shooting,' shouted those who marched in the first ranks.

He had actually given orders to fire! In such a situation Herriot would have collapsed from 'nerves,' Sarraut would have made speeches, Chautemps would have uttered threats. Daladier gave orders to fire.

But he would not have been a real Frenchman if he had not been deeply moved by the result of that day—thirty dead and hundreds of wounded. After it was over his nerves did give way. Although he knew how to act in the emergency, he was too weak to withstand its consequences. He retreated into the background, pursued by the hatred and contempt of the Nationalist elements. From his flower garden in Nîmes they fetched old Doumergue, who formed the Cabinet of National Union. Daladier, branded by the Nationalists as a murderer, became silent.

But his career was not yet over. He realized that some day he would be regarded as a savior of the Republic. Gradually the country calmed down. As a result of the Fascist *putsch* the Popular Front germinated, grew and became a powerful reality. Daladier swore his fidelity to it at the Bastille. The Popular Front emerged as victor of the elections of

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1936. Blum, the hero of the day, called Daladier to his Cabinet and entrusted him with the control of the Army.

The new Secretary of War had no time to lose. He immediately applied his tremendous energy to the problem of strengthening the defense forces of France in the face of a Germany that was rearming at a furious speed. Everything was forgotten and forgiven. Nor did Daladier himself bear any grudge against those who had once denounced him, or stubbornly adhere to dogmas. He is neither vain nor sensitive. He is merely French. He demands and obtains the coöperation of every person for whom the security of France's greatness remains the supreme law. His program is brief: *Patrie et République.* At the last Radical Party Congress he outlined the tasks of the Party as follows: 'It is our aim to reconcile the spirits which stormed the Bastille and defended Verdun.'

It is almost two years since Daladier moved into the rue St.-Dominique. Every criticism has been silenced in the face of this efficient and patriotic man of the people. Even those Frenchmen who do not share his political ideas know that the Army is in good hands and that it is behind him. Whoever controls the Army controls the State; the Army is France. The Marxists know this well and they cannot impose anything on Daladier against his will.

I believe that he is the most powerful man in France today.

Lord Halifax

By Harold J. Laski

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

LORD HALIFAX, who has now taken charge of the Foreign Office for the time being, has many private virtues which endear him to his friends. He is deeply religious; he is an ardent lover of country life; he comes from a family in which, for three generations, the tradition of public service has been profound.

He has held great public office. Mr. (now Earl) Baldwin made him President of the Board of Education and, in 1926, Viceroy of India. In that latter capacity he was not unsuccessful, for at least he made British imperialism look less stark and ugly than it was under Lord Reading or Lord Willingdon.

Lord Halifax belongs to a class that is, I think, peculiarly English in outlook. He is kindly and gentle in manner. He is always prepared for compromise on unessentials. He is the perfect country gentleman.

He gives the impression that his political life is something external to his real interests. Just as Earl Baldwin would have wished—but for

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the call of duty—to cultivate his garden, just as Sir Edward Grey always longed for his birds, so Lord Halifax has assured us that he would rather be Master of Foxhounds than Prime Minister. But the call of duty is too peremptory to be denied. His friends think him indispensable to the Party, so that, for its sake, he cannot avoid the invitation to serve.

He is not a man of clear purpose or of forthright speech. At bottom, he is a mystic, who could hardly explain his intellectual processes even to himself. He dislikes the clear-cut principle and the downright mind. He likes that twilight world of intuition in which fine sentiments are uttered which all men can approve. He distrusts the ideas which sharply demand practical application. He does not like to know directly where he is going. He is all for 'atmosphere' and 'understandings'—the impalpables which leave you a way out in either direction.

Since 1936, he has been, perhaps, the most influential member of the 'National' Government behind the scenes—even more so with Mr. Chamberlain than with Earl Baldwin. Under the former, he has been the most powerful representative in the Cabinet of the policy of accommodation with the dictators—the instrument of the country-house aristocracy which has felt that, at all costs, war must be avoided.

Somehow, he has persuaded himself, a deal can be made which will save Great Britain from war. No sacrifice can be too great for that. Austria, Spain, Czechoslovakia, China, the Soviet Union—they matter nothing alongside the imperative need for peace. Wisely handled, Hitler and Mussolini can be persuaded to build their empires without touching our basic interests. They can be taught to speak the language of the gentleman.

War, Lord Halifax thinks, means revolution, and revolution means a Socialist society. Accommodation to the demands of the dictators is far better than such a 'tragedy.'

What, of course, Lord Halifax refuses to see in all this is the postulates of his own thinking. That Hitler and Mussolini regard the world as an artichoke that they can eat as they wish he does not for a moment contemplate. That solemn engagements have no meaning for them he is not prepared to recognize. That they look upon Great Britain as the final enemy, to be destroyed when they have a Fascist Europe under their heel, does not occur to him.

Like Sir Edward Grey, he can shut his eyes to all that is unpleasant. He can pay lip-service to the League. He can preach a sermon about collective security. But this is a real world in which neither purpose matters save for a peroration in the House of Lords. He will, he hopes, buy off the deluge. Posterity, one supposes, must take care of itself.

The truth is that Lord Halifax does not really grasp the forces at work in the world that he proposes to guide. He will not transform Hitler and

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Mussolini by his noble incantations. They will play with him just so long as it suits their purpose. He will be their willing tool, assuming always that the finer their words the more sincere are their intentions. Having no real notion of the conditions upon which peace depends, he will not know his way through the intricate forces he will strive to direct.

Lord Halifax is a grave danger to peace in Europe because he has no notion of how intimate is the interdependence of peace and democratic institutions. All his gestures will be noble gestures. All his words will be pacific words. But, piece by piece, he will surrender the fortresses of democracy. He will betray them all like a gentleman. He will carry us over into what is effectively the Fascist camp in the simple faith that he is fighting the battle of democracy.

We shall pay in the end a heavy price for his high character and the moral beauty of his inner life. For the premises upon which he acts involve the grim assumption that the dictators can be won to the service of the causes they exist above all to destroy.

Hitler's Austrian Fixer

Translated from *Paris-Midi*, Paris Moderate Daily

'IF ANYTHING should go wrong, remember this address: *Am Hof 5*, District I, Vienna.' This is what secret Austrian Nazi agents have been whispering into each other's ears for more than two years.

Am Hof 5 was an apartment in the aristocratic section of Vienna, furnished in somewhat outmoded luxury. There, beyond the law, lived a prominent Viennese attorney named Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart. But this man of the law led a double life. Let us suppose that a Nazi emissary from Berlin or Munich needed forged papers. He turned to the given address. A 'friend' had to be rescued from prison. The prominent lawyer intervened discreetly by approaching a judge whom he knew well. A meeting of the extreme nationalists was to be held. It took place in Seyss-Inquart's apartment, where they were safe from the police. In the evening, in full dress with white tie, he might chat amiably in his theater box with the men who were still the masters of Austria—although their doom had already been sealed. These men, who had sent some of the visitors to *Am Hof 5* to the execution block, were Chancellor Schuschnigg and his Ministers. Some day the story of Hitler's conquest of Austria will be written. It will be an exciting and pathetic novel covering a period of three years, the scenes of which will alternate between society and the Viennese underworld.

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Arthur Seyss-Inquart had specialized in the art of boring from within. He had a brilliant mind and memory and always managed to adjust his face and manner to the person with whom he was talking. Rapidly he became one of the most successful lawyers in Vienna. His clients consisted mainly of rich Jewish business men. He exhibited Leftist tendencies. His conversion to National Socialism, which was never publicized since he did not become a Party member, occurred in 1933.

During the German-Austrian tension which followed the assassination of Dollfuss, he made himself very useful to the Nazis. He was able to win over to their cause the organization of Austrian hotel proprietors, for which he was counsel. As will be remembered, Hitler had forbidden German tourists to cross the Austrian border. The hotel keepers protested against this measure. They felt that they were being ruined unless the Government came to terms with Berlin. Things took a turn for the worse after the arrest of a certain Woytsche, a Nazi terrorist who had come to Vienna from Brazil to prepare a new *putsch*. A plan for the attack upon the Chancellery was found on his person, together with Dr. Seyss-Inquart's address. On that day the eminent lawyer did not feel happy in his skin, for he was escorted to the police station and cross-examined at great length by the Prefect of Police, Skubl.

Austria surrendered to Hitler on February 15th and Skubl came under Seyss-Inquart's orders. The drama approaches its end. The final Act strangely resembles that of the Beggar's Opera in which the Chief of Police and the chief of the gangsters attend a demonstration of the mob which the authorities will not or cannot stop.

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A description of the great Glasgow Exposition, which will open in May.

Scotland Calling

By C. A. Lyon

From the *Sunday Express*
London Independent Conservative Weekly

SCOTLAND is preparing for a great Empire Exhibition. It is a really big thing. It will rival those at Wembley and Paris in size and it will excel them in beauty. In a beautiful park of 175 acres on the outskirts of Glasgow nearly 200 pavilions and kiosks are being erected, and $50,000,000 will have been spent on it by the time the King opens it on May 3rd. Scotland thinks of little else but the coming exhibition.

In July, 1936, two men came from Glasgow to London and paid a visit to the Department of Overseas Trade. They were Mr. Weir, who was a prominent Glasgow business man, and Mr. Kirkwood, who was secretary of a committee he had formed. They saw an official, who telephoned to Captain Graham, the Department's principal organizer of exhibitions.

The official said: 'Two men have called, and say they want to organize an exhibition in Glasgow.'

Captain Graham saw them. They told him they were prepared to raise a guarantee fund of £100,000. He told them they would need much more than that, and they went away. To his astonishment they reported in five days' time that £250,000 had already been found among Scottish business men. And, to anticipate a little, £250,000 more was raised in the next few weeks. This made the Department of Overseas Trade sit up. Scotland evidently meant business. Captain Graham was loaned by the Department of Overseas Trade as manager to the infant exhibition. He went to Glasgow, and in two days he examined with a practiced eye fourteen or fifteen different sites.

It is not easy to choose an exhibition site. Places that have done in the past are no good today, because they have no car-parks. It is essential to have one so set that the sun will shine on the façades of the principal buildings. At last it was found that a golf course at Bellahouston, a few minutes outside Glasgow, fulfilled all requirements. The sun was right, transport

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was right, and it was dominated by a beautifully wooded hill.

Scotland was then organized for the Exhibition as it had never been organized before. The country was divided into six sections, each with a Lord Provost as the head of a committee. All these committees gave birth to numerous sub-committees. There were 700 of these sub-committees. Their membership was 6,000. They were so widespread that there was not a town of size in the whole of Scotland that was not represented on at least a sub-committee.

A great Scottish architect, Tait, was commissioned to lay out a general plan. He sat down on a Sunday afternoon in the house of a member of the administrative committee. Working with an ordinary pen and blue-black ink, he sketched out the whole outline of Scotland's Empire Exhibition, which has not been altered since.

On the top of the hill he set a great observation tower that would be a landmark, viewpoint and symbol of the exhibition. Around it, and with the tower always in sight, he drew a road. The road had turnings, so that at every point people would have something definite to look at a short way ahead instead of an endless barren vista of highway. Along the sides of the road he set twenty principal pavilions. Between the two largest of them, to be called the Palace of Industry and the Palace of Engineering, he set a magnificent lake 400 feet long.

The administrative committee looked at the plan. Their question was: 'Can it be done?'

The plan the architect had drawn covered an area about as large as the Paris Exhibition. The Palace of Engineering covered five acres and was substantially the same size as the Pavilion of Engineering at Wembley. Moreover, while the Paris Exhibition had £5,000,000 cash Government money to play with, the Glasgow Exhibition had nothing but a private guarantee fund that had grown by now to a little over £700,000.

Well might Glasgow ask: 'Can it be done?' If it could, they would have performed a very great feat.

They decided to see. They offered the space for sale. The result was amazing. So well had the committees, the little meetings in town and village done their work, so great was enthusiasm everywhere, that the whole space was sold without sending out a single canvasser.

All the space in the Palace of Industry went in one month. The architect's bold plan—he had allotted three acres to this palace—had to be enlarged. He planned out a second Palace of Industry to stand alongside the first. All that was sold, too.

II

Now work really began. The architect, once his general plan was assured, worked night and day. He produced the detailed plans for twenty principal pavilions, all original and striking in their conception, in twelve weeks. Yet when the King came in July there was practically nothing to see except the fields and a few bays of the Palace of Engineering. This was because of the method of construction. All through the summer the pavilions were being pre-fabricated in workshops round Glasgow. They had only to be taken to the spot and put up.

There is a great lesson for industry

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in the way the building of the Exhibition was organized. A council of every one responsible for any part of the work—erectors, suppliers, architect—met every week and settled all their problems round a table. The results were magical. Instead of long correspondence, everything could be settled in a ten-minute talk.

One man could not supply 5-inch by 4-inch steel joists. Work was held up. It would take weeks to make the joists. But the erectors turned to the architect at the table and asked if 4½-inch by 4-inch joists would do. The architect said they would. The maker had plenty of 4½ by 4 joists. The work went on. If the matter had been discussed by letter they would have had to wait for the joists to be made.

Every problem was dealt with in the same way. Every one understood the general plan, and the understanding begot enthusiasm. One of the members told me that he thought the weekly councils must have saved six weeks in putting up the exhibition.

By these methods the Palace of Engineering, an edifice made from 12,000 tons of steel, was erected in three months. By these methods also arose the unique tower. It stands on a hill 170 feet high, and is itself 300 feet high. Unlike the Eiffel Tower, or any tower of its size, it has no splayed legs, but stands erect and alone like a telegraph pole. It is anchored in a solid block of concrete weighing 4,000 tons. It will have three observation galleries and two elevators. All round it and at similar speed the other pavilions have gone up.

But all through the building time the publicity department was active. Nothing was left to chance to make the Exhibition a memorable success, and the organizers took a remarkable step to guarantee a large part of their attendance in advance.

They went round to factories in a wide area about Glasgow and addressed workers' meetings on the Exhibition. They advised the workers to buy season tickets for it, costing 25 shillings. Clubs were formed to buy the tickets at 6 pence and 1 shilling a week. 110,100 season tickets have been sold already. If every season-ticket holder goes fifty times, as he is entitled to, that alone will give the exhibition an attendance of 5,500,000.

Not content with this, they went into the bed question. They were determined that when the myriads of people flock to Glasgow they will be properly housed. In response to the advertisements of the Exhibition organizers, 15,000 beds have been registered. Every one has been personally inspected.

III

I said at the beginning that I thought Scotland's Exhibition will be the most beautiful Britain has ever seen. Now I will tell you why. Wherever the visitor is he will look onto the green and wooded hill, with its tower. There are 600 growing trees on the hill. £10,000 have already been spent in buying flowering plants.

The view from the top of the hill through the trees toward the pavilions and toward Glasgow, with its great dockyard cranes, and far beyond is very fine. Not a tree has been lost on this hill. Some which jutted up into a restaurant have been retained, and the place called 'The Treetop Restaurant.' Down the sides of the hill two cascades of water will gush over

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glass. At night they will be lighted from below.

The most important fact, however, is that color has been used in the Exhibition in a way that has never been done before. In addition to the big pavilions there are forty or fifty smaller ones and 100 kiosks of individual firms.

None of these buildings will be white, as all other Exhibition buildings up to now have been. They are being painted in pastel tones which will make them lovely to look at by day and more wonderful still by night when the £100,000 electrical flood light installation is turned on.

The tower will be particularly striking, because the long metal vanes protruding from its sides will permit the two halves of each side to be floodlighted in contrasting colors. The lake between the Palaces of Engineering and Industry will be lighted from underneath. An arc of water 100 feet long will spurt from one end.

The Dominion and the Colonial exhibits are in a series of pavilions facing each other in the best position on each side of the lake. Fountains will play everywhere, and among them will be one which makes the water look like milk.

The roads are surfaced in a gay red tinge which avoids the sun glare that has afflicted exhibitions of the past. Along them fifty miniature buses, the exhibition's own transport system, will run. Visitors will need them to cover all the attractions properly.

There is the Government Pavilion, a splendid building which will chiefly show how science is helping industry. There are the Dominion and Colonial Pavilions, the Scottish Pavilions, the Scottish old masters' exhibition, the Palaces of Engineering and Industry and all the exhibits of individual firms. In the Highland Village every cottage is of a different type. They are exact reproductions of actual cottages in the Highlands.

There are interesting exhibitions by Churches. The Church of Scotland was the first to build a pavilion. The Episcopalians, hearing of this, also wished to come in and were allotted a site some distance apart. Catholicism and Christian Science each has its own pavilion.

There are sixteen restaurants where lunch will cost anything from half a crown to six shillings, as well as snack bars. There are, or will be, flowery terraces. There are two bandstands which cannot be heard one from the other because the hill is in between. There is a concert hall. There is a women's pavilion. There is an amusement park with a large dance hall. There is parking space for 10,000 cars.

We know that every one becomes tired at exhibitions, but the organizers are efficient in this, as in all else. They have provided enough chairs and seats for 30,000 people.

Scotland's Empire Exhibition will be a real triumph for Scottish courage and organization. It deserves to succeed in drawing the 20,000,000 visitors it hopes for from all over the world, and from what I have seen of it I feel sure it will.

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A cosmopolitan expert on world affairs and a Nationalist spokesman discuss the prospects in India, and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru tells the story of a young martyr to Swaraj.

India *in* Transition

I. The Trouble in India

By Richard Freund

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE trouble with India is that it is so big. Try to get the hang of any social or political problem, and you will be baffled by the first Blue Book you open. It ought to be easy, you think; then you find that there are thirty or fifty million people involved. But though statistics are a nuisance, they are also a consolation. Those Who Know will tell you that only a man who has lived in India for twenty years, and who Has Been To The Villages, can begin to understand things. That is nonsense. Viceroy or visitor, civilian or Congressman, they all have to capitulate before the onslaught of statistics and are reduced to backing their fancies.

No man can do more than guess at what matters and what matters not in India today. One year ago the highest in the land were convinced that Congress would not obtain majorities in more than three Provinces, or four at the most. Congress swept six Provinces, and has since bagged a seventh. Then they were certain that Congress did not want to accept office. Almost perfunctorily, they made a cast—and Congress jumped to it. So everybody makes his mistakes, and it would not be fair to blame them for fumbling. You simply cannot do anything else than grope in that country. The only demand that public opinion is entitled to make is that the groping should be done without the pose of infallibility, which leads to irritation and misunderstanding.

Guessing as hard as I can, I shall make a list of a few things which, I believe, really matter in India during this giddy period of transition. First comes the strength of the National

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Congress. Though the movement is clogged with corruption, torn by conflicting interests and badly hampered for constructive work by the pulls of caste and capitalism, its main stream is nevertheless running swiftly. Resentment against British domination is its backbone. The desire to see India run by Indians provides a unifying sentiment, though different sets of Indians have different ideas about who, in particular, is to do the running.

And in recent years the popular mood has gained a bias toward the uplift of the underdog. In a vague and non-political way, Congress feeling has been focused on the unspeakable poverty of the rural masses. Whether this trend will outlast the life of Mahatma Gandhi, or even the first few years of Provincial self-government, remains to be seen. In two or three Provinces, at least, the peasant movement is already a factor to be reckoned with; in Bihar, indeed, the Congress Committee has just threatened with expulsion some Congressmen who presume to teach the peasants to revolt against their lot.

But leaving prophecy aside, the National Congress is today the strongest force in India—or the second strongest, next to the British Army. That being so, one would be happier to find more recognition of the fact among those in authority. What the British Rule in India needs more than anything else today is sympathetic, continuous and frank contact with Congress. The time has passed when standing on one's dignity can achieve anything with an ambitious, unsettled people, and those At Home who persist in hampering a frank approach are doing a grave disservice both to Britain and to India.

Next on the list is the Hindu-Moslem rift. If it can be healed at all, it will take another generation to do it in. In Simla, last September, I listened to a Parliamentary Debate on a Congress demand for a Constituent Assembly which should work out an entirely new Constitution. The debate deteriorated almost at once into a dog-fight between Hindu and Moslem members. The Moslems were suspicious of Hindu domination in a Free India; the Hindus saw no reason why anybody should suspect their intentions. So they quarrelled, while British members sat back and felt embarrassed.

But though the rift is deep and dangerous, a political truce, at least, is conceivable. People, especially young people, are no longer proud of standing up for their particular community; they are apologetic; they are ashamed. The Northwest Frontier Province, which is solidly Mahommedan, has gone over to Congress; a growing number of Moslems are joining the Congress fold. Whether this will be the solution I cannot say, but little will be accomplished in India until some solution has been found.

II

Meanwhile the social structure of Hinduism is reeling under the impact of political forces. Divided into rigidly exclusive fragments by thousands upon thousands of castes and subcastes, Hindu society has for centuries been incapable of developing any common social or political feeling. It should be noted that this system, which is based on the unchangeable inequality of men by birth, has nothing to do with Hindu religion, but

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arises out of codes of law which were originally secular. Next to caste, Hindu society rests upon the Joint Family; and these two formations are the largest social groups recognized by Hindu Law. No sense of loyalty to any larger group, let alone to the whole community or to the State, was ever evolved. Society thus has been outside the influence of the State for many centuries. There has been no secular authority to prevent the crystallization of customs and institutions, to adapt them by legislation to changing social needs. And apart from the inroads made by British legislation, it remained fundamentally the same until quite recently.

The beginnings of a change have been evident in the social legislation of the past twenty years—the Civil Marriage Act; the Child Marriage Act; the secularization of religious endowments in Madras. The Montagu-Chelmsford reforms gave India the first instalment of a Legislating State, which direct British rule could never provide. The democratic machinery of the Provincial Governments, and to some extent of the Central Government, placed power in the hands of people who suffer from Hindu law and custom. Untouchables, for example, could now ask for social equality. The women's movement could press for fundamental reforms of Hindu family law.

With the development of the secular State, the widening of the electorate, the breakdown of distance, the growth of industries, and the spread of education, a revolution is taking place in Hinduism. Congress is succeeding in the political organization of the Hindus on a national basis; and political organization is giving them a new view of history in which the misery of the people is no longer traced to *Karma* but to a bad government. The latest reforms, enthroning for the first time in 150 years genuine Indian Governments, will accelerate the process. Caste and democracy are incompatible, and there is some hope that caste will ultimately lose the fight.

Lastly, the world without is beginning to intrude upon Indian thought. The Ethiopian war, the Palestine troubles, the Spanish upheaval and the Japanese aggression in China have all aroused strong feelings. The press is filled with foreign news. Lectures on international affairs are crowded. Terms like 'The Fascist Powers' have become household words. Rabindranath Tagore has issued a statement against Japan: 'With the rest of India, I once admired Japan and fondly hoped that in Japan, Asia had at last discovered its challenge to the West, and that Japan's new strength would be consecrated to safeguarding the culture of the East. But Japan has betrayed that rising hope and repudiated all that seemed significant in her wonderful and, to us, symbolic awakening, and has now become itself a menace to the defenseless peoples of the East.'

Yet it strikes me that the growing attention to outside events rests chiefly upon a sentimental desire to sympathize with as many underdogs as possible. Very few Indians have grasped the need of India to think of her safety. Even at Congress headquarters I found an incredible indifference to questions of defense. The British Army, they say, must go because it is too expensive and quite unnecessary. A national militia can do the job just as well. Now it is just conceivable that a national militia, if the

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whole Punjab joined it, might check the frontier tribes; but who is to check Italy or Japan? 'Airplanes can be bought,' they say glibly. Who is to fly them? And can battleships be bought as well? If so, from whom?

It would be unfair to blame Indians for inexperience, but there can be no excuse for indifference on the part of people who hope to rule a free, sovereign India within five years or so. Here, then, is an item of my list which matters in a negative sense: As long as the problem of Indian defense, which is serious and complex, is not even tackled by the Nationalist leaders, it is hard to be sanguine about their struggle for freedom.

II. As We See It

By Subhas Chandra Bose

From the *Tribune*, London Leftist Weekly

INDIA today is in an anomalous position. There is something like democratic government in the Provinces. At the center there is unbridled autocracy. The Congress Ministers rule seven out of eleven Provinces of British India, but in the Central Legislature the Congress Party offers unmitigated opposition to government by 'irresponsible' officials.

Obviously, this position is unstable. It cannot continue long. We have to revert to all-round autocracy, as existed in days gone by—or we must usher in full-fledged democracy. The British Government's plan is neither the one nor the other. Ostensibly it has closed the chapter of autocracy; but it seeks to introduce something which is not democracy. This is 'Federation,' as found in the Government of India Act, 1935—the offspring of MacDonald, Lothian and Samuel Hoare.

I have heard it said in certain circles in London, which ought to be better informed, that the Congress will change its mind and gradually drift toward a policy of accepting the Federal part of the Constitution, as it did in the case of the Provincial part. But there is no possibility of this happening, and the sooner this cardinal fact is realized by British politicians the better it will be for all concerned.

There can be no comparison between the position in the Provinces and at the Federal Center as provided in the Government of India Act, 1935. Consequently, while every party in the country, with the exception of the Congress, was keen on working the Provincial part of the Constitution from the very outset, today every party, including the Congress, is equally keen on opposing the introduction of Federation—though the Princes may be coaxed or coerced into it—because it is a retrograde measure.

To take a step backward in the year of grace 1938 would be a suicidal step for India. To go on marking time would be only a lesser evil.

A glance at the provisions of the Federal scheme will convince even a blockhead that, in opposing it, India is doing just the right thing. All the major departments of the Federal Government will be reserved in the hands of the Governor—a Governor

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who will administer them through officials responsible to him alone.

These departments will spend approximately 80 per cent of the Federal Budget—the lion's share going, of course, to the Army. In the Budget of the Central Government for 1937–38 we find that out of a total revenue of approximately £58,500,000, the Army (*i.e.*, defense) expenditure comes up to about £33,500,000. What can the Federal Ministers do with such meager funds as are left and with so little power?

What has been said above does not complete the picture. The Governor-General will have the power to interfere in his own judgment in the day-to-day administration of the Ministers' Department, if and when he chooses to do so.

In the Provinces, on the contrary, certain departments have been definitely handed out to the Ministers, and the Governors' powers of interference are restricted to such matters as come within the sphere of his 'special responsibilities'—*viz.*, maintenance of law and order, avoidance of discrimination against any class of subjects, etc.

Another objectionable feature of the Federal scheme is the composition of the Federal Legislature. Though the population of the Indian States is about 23 per cent of the whole of India, the Indian Princes have been given a representation of 33 per cent in the Lower House and 40 per cent in the Upper House.

While British India will be represented in the Federal Legislature by elected members, the Indian States will be represented by the nominees of the Princes. Thus democracy and autocracy will be harnessed to the same yoke, and this artificial combination will provide an incompatible team. There is no doubt that the nominees of the Princes will be a reactionary force and that they will combine with the reactionary forces in the Legislature (*e.g.*, the representatives of the British mercantile community) to oppose the progressive policy of the Congress. Small wonder, therefore, that the Congress Party feels so little enamoured of the Federal scheme.

II

It would be pertinent to ask why the Congress Party has taken up such an illogical attitude—working one part of the Constitution and trying to reject the other. Though not a believer in the policy of office-acceptance, I may say that the Congress policy is neither illogical nor unintelligible. The Congress Party has not taken office for the sake of 'working' the Constitution for what it is worth, as may be generally supposed. It has taken office in spite of misgivings, because it wants to consolidate its position thereby.

Further, it wants to demonstrate through practical experience that the Provincial Constitutions afford little scope for nation-building activities on a proper scale, in view of the lack of finance, Governors' interference, the attitude of the higher services, etc. If the Congress Party had tried to demonstrate this while keeping away from office, numerous friends of India abroad would have remained unconvinced and would have thought that the Congress Party was guilty of an error in judgment.

Last, but not least, the Congress Party has gone into office purely as an

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experimental measure. It is not committed to parliamentary activity of this sort for ever, and the present policy may be reversed at any time. As a matter of fact, the Party will not remain in office a day longer than the moment it finds that it can no longer advance the national cause by continuing in office.

Speaking metaphorically, acceptance of office is like the creation of a buffer state—a jumping-off ground—which may prove useful in future emergency. But will that emergency arise?

It is bound to arise if the British Government does either of two things—that is, if it attempts to force Federation on the people of India, or if it obstructs the work of the Congress Ministers in the Provinces through the agency of the Governors, the higher services and the Central Government. For such an emergency the Congress is not unprepared.

But supposing such a crisis arrives, and the phenomenon of 1930 and 1932 is repeated on a much larger scale, what next? Is there no end to this vicious circle? There is. India wants the right to frame her own constitution. Nothing short of this will satisfy her; nothing else will provide a final and lasting solution of the Indian problem.

The Indian National Congress demands a Constituent Assembly, where India can frame her own constitution. It cannot accept the intolerable position that the Parliament at Westminster is the arbiter of India's destiny. Great Britain had to treat with Sinn Fein in 1921. She had to treat with the Egyptian Nationalist Wafd in 1936. She will have to do the same with the Indian National Congress.

Why not do it now—before there rises a wall of bitterness and hatred between the two countries?

III. Guidallo Ranee

By Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru

From the *All India Congress Committee Newsletter*, Allahabad

In Sylhet, Assam, came many Nagas from the surrounding hills to visit me with greetings and gifts. And from them and others I heard a story which India ought to know and to cherish. It was the story of a young woman of their tribe belonging to the Koboi clan in the Naga Hills. She was of the priestly class and she had the unique experience among her people to get some education in a mission school, where she reached the ninth or tenth class.

Guidallo was her name and she was about nineteen when civil disobedience blazed over the length and breadth of India. News of Gandhi and the Congress reached her in her hill abode and found an echo in her heart. She dreamed of freedom for her people and an ending of the galling restrictions they suffered from, and she raised the banner of independence and called her people to rally round it. Perhaps she thought, rather prematurely, that the British Empire was fading out. But that Empire still functioned effectively and aggressively and

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it took vengeance on her and her people. Many villages were burned and destroyed and this heroic girl was captured and sentenced to transportation for life. And now she lies in some prison in Assam, wasting her bright young womanhood in dark cells and solitude.

Six years she has been there. What torment and suppression of spirit they have brought to her who in the pride of her youth dared to challenge an empire? She can roam no more in the hill country through the forest glades, or sing in the fresh crisp air of the mountains. This wild young thing sits cabined in darkness, with a few yards, maybe, of space in the daytime, eating her fiery heart in desolation and confinement. And India does not even know of this brave child of her hills, with the free spirit of the mountains in her. But her own people remember their Guidallo Ranee and think of her with love and pride. And a day will come when India also will remember her and cherish her and bring her out of her prison cell.

But our so-called Provincial Autonomy will not help in bringing about this release. More is needed. For Assam is an Excluded Area, and the Excluded Areas are outside the ken of our Provincial Ministries and, strange to say, they are even more cut off from us now than they were before the advent of 'Provincial Autonomy.' Even questions about Guidallo are not allowed to be put in the Central Assembly and in the Assam Assembly.

This Blessed Plot

Mr. Julian had said that he believed that no place on earth showed such evidence of prosperity as did Britain. Mr. Duff Cooper remarked: 'I rather wish that Mr. Julian had been in the House of Commons at any time yesterday —or at any time until eleven o'clock this evening—and had been able to assure some people who are not quite convinced of it that prosperity is apparent everywhere throughout this country and that everybody is well dressed, well fed and perfectly content.'

—*Manchester Guardian*, London

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This writer refutes assertions that Japan cannot finance a lengthy war.

Japan Will Not Collapse

By T.

From the *Far Eastern Review*
Shanghai English-Language Economic Monthly

JAPAN'S hopes of localizing the Marco Polo Bridge Incident were frustrated by the Chinese, and the field of Sino-Japanese conflict gradually expanded over a wide area. To meet its growing needs, the Japanese Government obtained the sanction of the Imperial Diet for a total appropriation to date of 7,390,000,000 Yen (the Yen is currently about 29 cents), and announced its willingness to meet additional expenses in case of prolongation of the conflict. Compared with the 200,000,000 Yen expended in the Sino-Japanese War and the 1,450,000,000 Yen in the Russo-Japanese War, the total appropriations to date indicate both the tremendous development of Japan's economic strength since those two Wars and the degree of her determination in facing the current China Incident.

The financial position of the Japanese Government is admittedly none too bright. The public debt already exceeds 10,000,000,000 Yen and now an enormous military expenditure of 7,390,000,000 Yen is added with every prospect for additional emergency expenditures. Whether Japan can bear such a heavy financial burden at this time or not is the question which is uppermost in the mind of many a critic, both in Japan and abroad, all the more since Chinese propagandists have not missed the opportunity of spreading pessimistic views on the subject. The whole question is vital enough to demand serious inquiry.

Gigantic military expenditures are met by the general mobilization of a nation's economic strength and depend largely upon the people's savings, people's income and national wealth. Naturally there is a limit to the capacity to meet any large-scale military expenditures and when such a limit is passed, the living power of the people is destroyed, social insecurity is precipitated by the shortage of commodities and the continuation of war is made impossible. Thus, in order to conduct war effectively for a long

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period, it becomes absolutely necessary that efforts to stabilize the living conditions of the people should accompany the appropriation of military expenditures. In other words, military expenditures which will not destroy the living conditions of the people constitute the maximum capacity of a nation's capacity to execute war. What then is the maximum capacity? The late World War has shown us the following results:—

(1) War Expenditures in Relation to National Wealth

Country	*National Wealth*	*War Expenditures*	*Percentage*
England	16,000,000,000 sterling	7,463,769,000 sterling	46.6
France	256,500,000,000 francs	148,289,544,000 francs	57.7
Italy	100,000,000,000 lires	41,852,000,000 lires	41.8
Russia	120,000,000,000 roubles	54,098,500,000 roubles	45.0
Germany	310,000,000,000 marks	139,342,342,000 marks	44.9
Austria	225,000,000,000 kronen	84,434,000,000 kronen	37.6

(2) War Expenditures in Relation to National Income

Country	*Annual Income*	*Average Annual War Expenditures*	*Percentage*
England	2,300,000,000 sterling	1,756,176,000 sterling	76.0
France	37,000,000,000 francs	32,548,760,000 francs	88.0
Italy	11,000,000,000 lires	7,503,266,000 lires	68.2
Russia	15,000,000,000 roubles	13,527,150,000 roubles	92.0
Germany	40,000,000,000 marks	34,144,787,000 marks	85.5
Austria	25,000,000,000 kronen	18,178,160,000 kronen	72.7

(3) War Expenditures in Relation to National Savings

Country	*Annual National Savings*	*Average Annual War Expenditures*	*Percentage*
England	370,000,000 sterling	1,756,176,000 sterling	468.3
France	6,000,000,000 francs	32,548,760,000 francs	559.0
Italy	1,800,000,000 lires	7,503,266,000 lires	416.6
Russia	2,500,000,000 roubles	13,527,150,000 roubles	541.1
Germany	6,500,000,000 marks	34,144,787,000 marks	525.2
Austria	4,000,000,000 kronen	18,178,160,000 kronen	454.5

In the World War, then, the Powers bore war expenditures amounting to 46 per cent of their national wealth on the average, 81 per cent of the national income and five times the national savings as the average annual war expenditure.

The national capacity to bear war expenditures differs according to the economic structure and political situation of the nation concerned, and the figures given above cannot be applied to all nations at all times. Granting this drawback, the application of the above standard upon Japan gives the following interesting results.

Japan's national wealth was estimated by the Government Bureau of Statistics at 110,100,000,000 Yen at the end of 1930, and it may be safely

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estimated at 120,000,000,000 Yen today. Using the above standard, 46 per cent of this estimated national wealth is 55,200,000,000 Yen, which means that Japan can bear at that rate an average annual war expenditure of 13,800,000,000 Yen for four years.

In the next place, the Japanese national income at the end of 1930, according to the same source, was valued at 10,600,000,000 Yen and one may safely place it at 14,000,000,000 Yen today. Therefore, Japan can stand 81 per cent of this figure or 11,340,000,000 Yen a year as war expenditures.

Lastly, the annual saving power of the Japanese people, according to Dr. S. Hijikata, Professor of Economics at the Tokyo Imperial University, is about 15 per cent of their income, which would be roughly 2,100,000,000 Yen on the basis of the above figures for the people's income. If this amount is multiplied by five, we have 10,500,000,000 Yen.

The above figures are based upon Japan proper alone. If the figures for Korea, Formosa, and Manchukuo are added, Japan can easily bear an annual expenditure of 14 or 15 billion Yen. In the light of these figures, Japan, if forced to do so, can issue government bonds totaling from two to three billion Yen several times a year and, even then, she still has enough reserve power left. It is for this reason that Finance Minister Kaya explained before the Special Session of the Diet that Japan's economic power is not so small as to tax her whole capacity in meeting the obligations of the China Incident.

From the above considerations, the assertion that Japan's economic strength cannot stand the burdens of the China Incident appears to be merely a sophistication.

II

But what effect will an enormous military consumption have upon Japan's future economic development?

Generally speaking, two situations can be visualized in considering the effects of war upon the development of a nation's economy. The one is that of European countries after the World War, where, as a result of the War, each country received a heavy blow, invited malignant inflation and decrease of productive power, and experienced a penetrating impoverishment over a long period. On the other hand, the United States of America, although a belligerent Power, not only received an extremely light economic blow from the Great War, but, with the War acting as a turning point, rose from an erstwhile debtor nation to a creditor nation and underwent a remarkable transformation from a nation of agriculture and light industry to a nation whose national economy centered upon heavy industry.

Such a difference in the economic effects of the World War may be said to be due to a shorter period of the American participation in the War and a comparatively smaller amount of military consumption. But the more fundamental factor appears to be the difference in the stages of economic development. The European countries arrived at the maximum point of industrial development before the Great War, and there was little room left for further development after the War. And thus enor-

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mous unproductive consumption resulting from the War reacted as a destructive influence upon the national economy of various nations. Against such a position, the American industrial economy at the time of the World War was undergoing a transformation from that of an agriculture and light industry to that of heavy and chemical industry. Naturally, the consumption of a large amount of war-time commodities accelerated the development of heavy industries, and the nation, at the same time bearing a heavy war expenditure during the War, saw an amazing economic development after the War.

The present stage of Japan's economic development, though it differs decidedly in available resources, is in general similar to that of the United States at the time of the Great War. With the Manchurian Incident acting as a turning point, Japan's national economy has been undergoing a transformation from the age of agriculture and light industry to that of heavy and chemical industry. Without going into a detailed discussion of the subject, the following statistics may be used as eloquent proof:—

Industry	*1931 Amount of production (1,000 Yen)*	*1935 Amount of production (1,000 Yen)*
Textile.....	1,926,800	3,352,560
Metallic.....	431,430	1,881,740
Machine, Tool.	498,010	1,462,530
Chemical.....	816,550	1,813,870
Total, including others....	5,178,130	10,836,890

Such being the case, Japan's industrial economy, which is now gradually undergoing a transformation into heavy industry has a bright future ahead. In the light of such a background, the possible effects of the China Incident upon Japan's national economy may take the following forms:—

(1) A large portion of the military and war expenditures will act as a fund for protecting and accelerating the development of Japan's heavy and chemical industries.

(2) A large portion of the expanded munitions and fundamental industries, after replenishing the used munitions following the Incident, will be transformed to play a constructive rôle in peace-time industry.

(3) Japan's power of investing abroad will increase when her industry is successfully transformed onto the new basis of heavy and chemical industries. For, under the present economic structure, the power of investing abroad is determined largely by the manufacturing power of capital materials (such as products of heavy and chemical industries) of a given nation.

(4) The Far Eastern countries are on the whole agricultural as yet, and industrial development is awaiting future attention. Naturally, the transformation of Japan's industry into heavy and chemical industries will find markets by offering capital aid to the industrial development in those countries. Moreover, the industrial development of those agricultural countries will increase their purchasing power and will in turn contribute much toward the expansion of Japan's export trade.

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The writer finds many similarities between Mexico today and Spain in 1936.

Will Mexico Follow Spain?

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

WHEN people say that the Mexican Government is Communist they are falling into the trap that Fascists everywhere lay for them. Mexico is 'Communist' only in the sense that every country is potentially Communist in which an instalment of freedom and political power has been given to the workers and peasants. They demand radical changes; they threaten the power of their traditional economic and intellectual exploiters; they are only likely to become 'Communists' if those whose power and privilege is threatened by the workers' demand for freedom compel them to defend their newly acquired rights by force of arms. The Government they want is not Communist, but reformist. And that is true of the radical Government of President Cárdenas.

The policy of President Cárdenas was embodied in a Six-Year Plan. Naturally, in a country that had reached Mexico's stage of development, this applied first to agriculture. Millions of acres of the richest privately-owned farmland in the country has been expropriated from large landholders, who were compensated only by agrarian bonds, which are not worth much in the open market. Over large areas the confiscated land has been divided up into smaller parcels and redistributed to the individual peons who formerly worked the land as hired help.

Although the Government holds the original title to this land, the peon may consider it his own private property, to work, reap from and pass on to his heirs. Resale or mortgaging is prohibited. The land must be kept by the farmer to whom it is issued and must be worked zealously if the Government is not to claim it again. Since the peons are notoriously poor and ill-educated, the Government has helped them financially through the first lean years of this changing economy. It lends them machinery, seeds and money for ordinary living expenses. To facilitate the harvesting of profitable crops, the lands

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are in some places worked collectively, the members of each neighborhood, or *ejido*, helping each other in coöperative fashion. The crops are furthermore marketed by Government coöperative agencies which return what profits there are to each individual, after deducting loans and figuring what part of the total crop that individual's land contributed.

Since most of the large landholders were foreigners—Americans, Britons or Spaniards—they have appealed to their own Governments. Cárdenas has thus far ignored the complaints lodged by these Governments. To him, what has been done is not Communism. In effect, he says that all Mexican land once belonged to the Indians and their villages. When the white man came, he literally stole this land and enslaved the Indian. The Mexican Revolution of 1910 was a rebellion against this situation and empowered the Indians to repossess their land. The Constitution of 1917 says exactly that. All land in Mexico belongs, and always has belonged, to the Indians through their villages.

Turning to the industrial side of Mexico, one sees the same sort of situation prevailing. All industries which are based on natural resources feel themselves threatened by the existence of the Government oil commission. It is supposed to be planning to take over all foreign holdings as soon as the latters' leases expire—which is soon. The Government has already taken over the railroads, and is willing today to take over any other businesses which, like the railroads, cannot support themselves without government subsidies.

The labor policy of the Cárdenas Government is certainly radical. When a strike is called, a Mexican Government board immediately investigates its causes and labels it legal or illegal. When, as is more often the case, it is judged legal, the employer must close his plant or shop and pay his strikers full time until the strike is settled. During the length of the strike, pickets are in complete control of the plant, protected and guarded by Government troops. Strikebreakers are illegal.

The employer is powerless until he has settled. If he feels he cannot give in to the strikers' demands and still run his plant at a profit to himself, he is urged by the Government to turn over his investments either to the Government or the workers themselves and they will run it instead.

Cárdenas regards this industrial policy as an attempt to better the conditions of the low-paid Mexican workers. Strikes, to him, are a more natural means of raising the standard of living than the government wage-scale and hour-limiting decrees. Paradoxically, he believes his policy is saving capitalism in Mexico. By tipping the scales for the workers and placing great handicaps on the freedom of the employers, he is 'inoculating the country against another violent revolution,' a revolution in which the workers, as in Russia, would rise up and take everything.

II

When he says this, Cárdenas is sincere. Personally, he is not a Communist. It is even doubtful whether he understands what Communism is. To him, his policies are those of Indian common sense, worked out by past generations of oppressed native Mexi-

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cans, who had absolutely no contact with Russia. Visitors penetrating the interior of Mexico are of course occasionally shocked at the sight of Communist symbols. Red flags with gold lettering and gold hammers and sickles have become in many places the national flag of the locality. Open-air theaters, stations and public buildings are in many places adorned with vigorous murals centering on the hammer and sickle or the clenched fist. But this is not proof of Communism. When a little town builds an open air theater with public funds, it more often than not calls on its best local muralist to decorate it. If that muralist has been to Mexico City and studied under Rivera or Orozco, the odds are that he is Communistically inclined. When he paints a hammer and sickle on the public theater, it is his design and is respected as his art to be judged as art rather than as propaganda.

The propaganda value of these Communist evidences can be debated. Recently I visited almost every State in Mexico, talking to the individual peons. I was convinced in every locality which I visited that the average Mexican is not only not Communistic but doesn't even know what Communism is. Nor does his local leader, nor his leader's leader. To these people, the red flag, the hammer and sickle and the clenched fist are all somehow bound up only with the fact that they have their land back, that they are again free men and responsible citizens. Except in Mexico City, that is as far as it goes.

Finally, it must be remembered that the Government of Mexico is not repressive—even to its opponents. Even the conservative opposition admits openly the presence of civil liberties, guaranteed and protected by the Government. Free speech, free press and the right of assembly exist to all. Although the power of the Church's hierarchy has been broken, freedom of worship continues to exist unhampered in Mexico. To the impartial investigator, it is easily observed that Mexico does not have the Communism usually identified with Soviet Russia. True it is that Mexico is radical. But in essence that radicalism is Mexican, not Russian.

III

Nevertheless, a Fascist revolt, similar to that which took place in Spain, is today threatening Mexico. Important capitalist interests are gathering their resources round a conservative military leader and, as in Spain, small shopowners, industrialists, clergymen, army cliques and aristocratic remnants are preparing for a revolt which will be represented as a necessity to 'free Mexico from Communism.' Scattered and leaderless during the first two years of Cárdenas's administration, these conservative groups look increasingly to General Saturnino Cedillo, dictator of the State of San Luis Potosi and last of Mexico's local strong men. Under Cedillo, they look for relief from the strict regulations and governmental controls placed over their economic life by the Cárdenas administration.

On the other side the trade unions, which have grown stronger during the administration of Cárdenas and which are now led by Toledano Lombardo, are arming and drilling. Peons are organizing themselves into agricultural shock troops, ready to fight for the government that gave them back their land. The clenched fist, symbol

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of the united front, is making its appearance in public.

General Saturnino Cedillo, in succession a bandit, revolutionary hero, unchallenged autocrat of San Luis Potosi and finally Minister of Agriculture in President Cárdenas's Cabinet, first came into prominence in the Revolution of 1910. A proud, gusty mestizo, over-fond of women and good times generally, he fought his way slowly to the top in San Luis Potosi, occupying for a time a lieutenancy in the bandit army of Pancho Villa. Once at the top, his enthusiasm for radical reform waned, a trait of most Mexican revolutionists.

Conscious of the heroic part he had played in the turbulent days of Madero, Carranza, Huerta and Obregon, he began to look with disdain on the 'social consciousness' of the newer 'intellectual' type of young Mexican revolutionary who had 'shed no blood for Mexico.' Nevertheless, as a member of the National Revolutionary Party, he took part in the convention of 1934, which drafted the Six-Year Plan for the economic reform of Mexico and nominated Lázaro Cárdenas for the Presidency. As an opponent of Calles, who originally was the power behind Cárdenas, and who was suddenly disowned by Cárdenas, Cedillo received the post of Minister of Agriculture after Cárdenas's election.

The most conservative member of the Cabinet, Cedillo gradually drifted farther from the purposes and aims of the new government. Each time Cárdenas put into execution one of the reform measures promised by the Six-Year Plan, Cedillo opposed. He resisted most strongly when Cárdenas bucked the big oil companies of Great Britain and the United States.

As a result of this policy of sniping from within, Cedillo rapidly gained the hatred of the more radical of Cárdenas's followers and the blessings of the much-mauled aristocracy, large landholders and industrialists. Eventually the split came, cleaving Mexico suddenly into the same two camps which today are wreaking havoc in Spain. The Left-wingers declare that Cedillo is a Fascist in the pay of Mexican capitalists; the Right-wingers rejoiced at the appearance of an honest-to-goodness leader capable of championing their rights and presenting a powerful opposition to the Cárdenas régime.

IV

Following Cedillo's resignation from the Cabinet, Cárdenas had to move quickly. Able to count on the support of most of the workers and peons, he knew that the real danger lay in the possibility that Cedillo would be able to win over the Federal army and a large part of the Federal bureaucracy. The Mexican army and bureaucracy is like that and always has been. At the drop of a hat, they will run to the side that pays the most.

Moreover, in his own State, Cedillo has a well-armed, well-trained private army of 15,000, ready to move at an instant's command. Cárdenas knew that too. He offered Cedillo a foreign post, hoping to get him out of the country. Cedillo refused, saying he found Mexico the most interesting in the world! Cárdenas offered to make peace. Cedillo replied in a press statement that he would 'do nothing against the Government unless the Government moves against me.'

The Government moved. It closed an aviation school in San Luis Potosi,

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cutting off a supply of pilots Cedillo was buying up. It sent two regiments of troops to San Luis Potosi. It despatched a corps of government agents to Cedillo's stronghold and, through them, attempted to break down Cedillo's army by offering its members free land. It was about to send government agitators to the outlying towns of the State, when Cedillo struck back. Government men were fired upon. Three times, in Valles Tomozunchale and San Luis Potosi proper, violence flared. When the smoke cleared, nine were dead, thirteen wounded. Among the victims were two high Federal officials, both loyal to Cárdenas. The latter, in a quiet rage, rushed more troops to San Luis Potosi and immediately established an armed watch.

Cedillo moved into the background, content to wait as the Mussolini-to-be of Mexico. Today, to the curious and unsympathetic, he is not at home. He has nothing to say to them and does not wish to be badgered by their questions. To those who have something to offer, however, he is cordial. Numbered among his visitors are individuals mysteriously described as 'Nazi and Italian agents.' Whoever these visitors are, it is certain they bode no good for the Cárdenas administration.

How powerful the Fascist forces in Mexico are it is hard to estimate. According to Cárdenas's supporters, Cedillo will not constitute so great a threat as he might have some years ago. Great improvements in means of communication and transportation throughout Mexico mean that a revolt in one State is futile, unless it spreads quickly to other States. Therefore the issue depends on the loyalty of the army and bureaucracy, and the army especially has been badly paid and not enough praised. Cárdenas will be in difficulties if he is left dependent on the support of the workers and peasants.

Today both sides are waiting. Money talks, and Cedillo is getting the money. But Cárdenas is good at waiting; he caught Calles off his guard and he may also catch Cedillo moving before his psychological moment.

Nazi Imperative

Every book that is to appear in Germany must be submitted to the Reich Chamber of Literature for approval. A woman novelist recently submitted a novel in which the heroine, on a trip from Athens to Barcelona, stopped off in Paris to avail herself of the services of a famous hairdresser. On the margin of this passage the Reich Chamber official wrote: 'Why not in Berlin? We too have excellent hairdressers!' The novelist was obliged to make her heroine go a thousand miles out of her way so that she could have her hair done in Berlin.

—*National-Zeitung*, Basel

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Brief reportages on war-time Barcelona, Coptic rites in Egypt and life in the smuggler's paradise of Macao.

Miscellany

I. Doors Slam in Barcelona

By Bodo Uhse

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Daily

WE WERE sitting at a table in one of the large Barcelona hotels. Since appearances had to be maintained, the meal, consisting of half a roll, soup, and rice with fish and mussels, was being served quite elaborately. Although it was growing late, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the dining room was filled to the last seat. A number of Government officials were staying at the hotel, and many Basque refugees had also been put up. Somebody at our table reported that he had seen a large number of French trucks on the Paseo de Gracia covered with large posters and loaded with canned milk and other foodstuffs. He spoke about the slogans on the trucks, but we did not understand distinctly what he was saying.

There was a great deal of hubbub in the dining room. The newspaper woman at our table complained about it. 'Listen to it! They are slamming the doors,' she said angrily. The conversation at the other tables stopped. The noise of distant doors slamming could be heard quite distinctly. It was repeated in rapid succession.

While the noise and restlessness in the room was resumed, I glanced out of the window across the Plaza de Cataluna. The wide square was deserted. Trolley cars and automobiles stood still. Against the blue of the autumn sky small white clouds of smoke from the anti-aircraft batteries unfolded in an orderly chain. We opened the door to the balcony to step out; in the meantime the dining room was vacated. Mothers took their children by the hand and left. I looked back. A little girl stood in the door. She broke away from the hand that was leading her and ran back into the room to take an orange from one of the tables. From the balcony we watched the little white puffs in the sky grow larger and dissolve into a thin haze. The anti-aircraft batteries fell silent. A great stillness lay over the city.

The newspaper woman wanted to

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go down to the harbor. 'Why don't you save yourself the effort?' said the man who had shared the table with us. 'We have heard nothing but the anti-aircraft guns. The gentlemen from Majorca seem to have been unable to lay their "eggs." Let us go and have a cup of coffee!'

Finally, we did go down to the harbor. The 'All Clear' signal had not yet been sounded. The streets were deserted. Vehicles stood about in disorderly fashion; trolley cars, buses and automobiles. Somehow they resembled the characters in the story of The Sleeping Beauty—reminded one of the cook who had fallen asleep with the ladle in his hand while tasting the soup. It seemed as though a bad fairy had entered this feverish city and abruptly halted every sign of life.

The few people loitering on the Plaza de Cataluna were under the spell too. They stood motionless, craning their necks toward the sky. But there was nothing to be seen. Only the blazing sun. It is the attacking flyer's friend. Although we did not know exactly why, we walked rapidly along the wide, deserted street; we were almost running. Behind us fire trucks and ambulances were rushing up with their sirens shrieking. Almost triumphant and quite out of breath, the newspaper woman said to me: 'So I was right after all; something did happen.'

Two motorcycles sped past us. One of them struck a stone or some other object and overturned. The driver was thrown clear and rolled to one side until he finally lay still in the gutter. The ambulances drove past him in the direction of the harbor. We hastened our steps and did not speak. Near the post office, in the immediate neighborhood of the harbor, we saw a crowd of people. They came toward us. From time to time they stopped short and looked apprehensively toward the sky.

II

Suddenly, a buzzing sound cut into the now distant noise of the sirens. The people ducked down before the sound of the airplanes and ran in zigzags over the street into the nearest houses. Only the sentry in front of one of the Government buildings remained at his post. We stopped and listened. We were close to the railway station and the harbor. It would not be a very pleasant spot if the bombers were to try again. When the sound of the motors grew stronger we identified it as coming from the Loyalist planes. We broke through the lines which were meant to hold back the crowds and walked down the dock. A heavy railway coach lay upside down beside the rails. A bomb had exploded directly in front of it and had scattered the pavement like pebbles sixty feet away. It had eaten a hole into the dock, seven feet wide, had playfully twisted the iron rails like a wire spiral and had turned everything upside down. A giant had played with the work of man.

Upon returning from the harbor we entered a small square surrounded by narrow old houses. The basement of one of them had been serving as a school. The front of the building was adorned by a balcony, or rather had been adorned by it. Now the wall had been demolished and the iron balustrade lay shattered on the street amid the debris. The great stone slabs of the pavement were shattered. Nearby, dull and dumb, its nose stove in and

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its fins twisted, lay an unexploded bomb. It was not quite four feet long, of a disagreeable darkish color. The firemen arrived on the square at the same time as we. They did not let us come near the vicious animal.

We were told of another dud, saw another crater on an open square near the station and finally reached the station itself. Nearly opposite, something had happened. It was hardly noticeable from the outside of the building which was an inn. By chance the bomb had fallen through a narrow shaft next to the house. It had exploded at the bottom, demolishing the interior of the ground floor. Through the bare window frames we saw the dusty debris inside and a poster inscribed *Chocolateria 1912*. In front of the house, between internes and firemen, a hysterical little man in a dirty white coat ran back and forth swearing, throwing his arms about and shaking his head. He had a wound on one cheek, his eyes were almost popping out and his face was a dark gray. His hair was matted together and looked like a wig. He was the innkeeper, who had escaped by a miracle.

Before us on the street lay his guests. I counted twenty-five. They had already been laid out in rows. Since there was a lack of blankets, some of them were uncovered, although the clothing had been torn from most of the bodies. Their skin was a dull black. Most of them showed no wounds, but here and there an arm, a leg, sometimes even a head was missing. Some of the missing parts were taken out to the dead guests as if they had forgotten them in the café. One of the men who was digging in the debris with his handkerchief pressed against his mouth had just unearthed a leg. He did not quite know where it belonged and threw it carelessly beside one of the bodies which had both legs. We wondered if the corpse would now descend to its grave with three legs.

One of the bodies which they were just carrying outside into the street crumbled under their hands when they lifted it from the stretcher. The dead, brittle body fell apart, as it it were in a great hurry to return to dust. Almost nothing had happened to him; he had merely been killed by the concussion.

We stood there and watched. We really wanted to turn around and run away, but we could not tear ourselves from the horror.

We leaned against the broken marble tables which had been put together on the street, and looked down upon the black faces of the dead, so entirely unlike those of human beings. We had heard nothing but the slamming of doors.

II. Coptic Christening

By H. V. Morton

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

THE Church of Abu Sifain, Father of the Two Swords, stands in a narrow lane in Old Cairo, with nothing to indicate its whereabouts except the smell of incense which haunts the neighboring alleys. Several steps lead

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down to it, for the street level has risen since the church was built many centuries ago.

I arrived there shortly after eight on a Sunday morning to attend the Coptic baptism to which I had been invited.

The dark old church is Byzantine in appearance, yet overlaid with a strong Orientalism: the inlaid *haikal* screen, which separates the body of the church from the altar, would look equally well in a mosque; so would the rugs, and also the ostrich eggs hanging in front of the sanctuary.

Every now and then a member of the congregation entered the church, first prostrating himself at the door of the *haikal* screen and touching the ground with his forehead three times.

The men, who wore their *tarbushes* in church, stood in prayer with their hands held out, the palms upward, the elbows to the side, an ancient and beautiful attitude of intercession sometimes seen in ancient ikons but long since forgot by the kneeling Christians of the West.

The women mostly sat cross-legged on the floor, shrouded in black draperies, whispering prayers in Arabic and slowly swaying their bodies as Jews and Moslems do.

The priest moved in a haze of incense in the candlelight of the altar. There must always be a space round a Coptic altar for processions and censing; and as the priest moved, he was attended by a bare-footed deacon. In an hour or so the service of Morning Incense came to an end, and the priest robed for Mass.

I had been told that the child would be christened during Mass, because every infant must make its first Communion after baptism. This is an unbreakable rule, and the custom goes back to antiquity.

The Coptic service of baptism had been clearly drawn up for grown-up converts to Christianity, not for infants. But so unchanging is the Coptic Church, so unreasoningly tenacious of old customs, that every infant baptized into it today must hold up its hand and swear—by proxy, of course—to forsake the worship of idols!

II

The priest robed himself in a white alb, or dalmatic, a straight wide-sleeved tunic that fell to his ankles, of a type which, I believe, the Latin Church ceased to wear 1,500 years ago. He placed on his head a white mitre embroidered with gold, to which was attached a long strip of white silk that fell down his back to his heels.

While he was robing, a choir of fourteen dark young men filed in and stood facing each other in two ranks at the *haikal* door. They wore surplices with a stole crossed over their right shoulders and hanging down in front. Two choirmen carried cymbals and one a triangle. To the sound of their plaintive Oriental chanting, to the metallic clash of their instruments, which gave a barbaric touch to the solemnities, the caretaker of the church appeared, bearing the holy bread on a tray, which he offered to the priest.

In full view of the congregation the priest examined the cakes to choose the most perfect specimen. This bread, which is leavened and made of fine wheat flour, must be baked on the morning of the Mass in a special oven on the premises. It is baked by the caretaker of the church. The cakes are

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round in shape, about three inches in diameter, one inch in thickness, a pale brown in color and stamped on the upper side with a sacred legend and crosses.

Having selected the bread, the priest went to the altar, where the wine was brought to him in a glass phial. It is unfermented raisin wine, and until recently every church crushed its own raisins on the premises. The use of raisin wine dates from the 10th century, when Moslems destroyed the vineyards of Egypt.

As the priest walked time after time round the altar, swinging a thurible that puffed out gusts of incense, the choir increased the beat and rhythm of the chant. The cymbals clashed and, as the chant grew faster, the players hit the rims of their cymbals together.

The priest then came down into the body of the church, swinging his thurible, casting a puff of incense towards each member of the congregation, and also stepping up to each person and touching him lightly on the head with his fingers.

He returned to the altar.

As the Mass proceeded, I listened with fascination to the three languages in which it is written: Coptic, Greek and Arabic. Nowhere else in the world will you hear the Coptic language, the last relic of the language spoken by the Pharaohs. It is never spoken in ordinary life, and even the priests know only the words which they are obliged to learn by heart in order to perform their office.

At the end of the Mass the mother, with the child that was to be christened, entered and went to the dark little baptistry on the south side of the church. The priest, taking two lighted candles, blessed the cold water with which the font was filled, and poured holy oil on it.

The mother sat nearby, undressing her child, a sturdy little *café-au-lait* girl about six months of age. I asked the mother what the baby was to be called.

'Sabaat,' she replied.

The priest came to the naked infant and breathed upon her in the form of a cross. He touched her breast, hands and back with holy oil. The child was then lifted toward the east and, with one tiny brown arm raised, was made to 'cast out from her heart all that remained in it of the worship of idols!'

She was then taken in the priest's arms for the triple immersion, which is the Coptic baptism. He grasped the now protesting infant by her left leg and arm, holding them together with his left hand, while his right hand gripped the back of the neck. He plunged the squirming little creature into the cold water up to the waist, saying in Arabic:—

'Sabaat is baptized in the name of the Father. Amen.'

He lifted her, dripping and crying, from the font and held her ready for the second immersion. Down she went again, this time up to the neck in water.

'In the name of the Son. Amen,' cried the priest.

Sabaat's cries became louder.

The third time she went in over the head and emerged howling.

'In the name of the Holy Ghost. Amen,' said the priest.

While the mother dabbed with a towel at the little brown legs of the now Christian Sabaat, and put new clothes on her, the priest advanced with the chalice containing the Sacra-

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ment. Dipping the tip of his finger in the chalice, he placed a single drop of wine on the child's tongue.

A deacon standing beside him poured water on his hand, which he swiftly splashed in the child's face. This made Sabaat gasp for breath, and, in opening her mouth to cry, she took her first Communion.

The Mass then concluded with an extraordinary scene. After the priest had drained the chalice and had rinsed it and dried it, he went to the *haikal* door and faced the people in the church. The deacon poured water from an ordinary clay *gulah*, or long-necked pot, over the priest's hands, and this water the priest immediately tossed into the air to all corners of the church.

The congregation rushed forward, eager to receive on their faces or bodies any drop of the water. The men even removed their *tarbushes* in order not to miss any that might fall on their heads. Having sprinkled the congregation, the priest retired and the *haikal* door was closed.

III. The Toughest Spot on Earth

By Edmond Demaître

From the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, Bombay

MACAO has been called the 'Jewel of the Ocean,' but actually it is the headquarters of all the pirates, smugglers, gamblers and crooks of the China Seas.

Surrounded by Chinese islands, with the British Settlement of Hong-Kong opposite, Macao was once rich and powerful. Now, it is the 'Bad Boy's Paradise.' Its population consists of Chinese, whites and mulattoes, and its seething underworld controls the police, the judges and the prisons.

Soon after reaching the place I came into contact with pirates, 'fences,' drug smugglers and white slave traffickers. In fact, crime of every description is to be found in this Portuguese colony in China.

By the side of the bed in my room at the hotel I found an opium pipe, accompanied by the little spirit lamp which is indispensable in the preparation of the drug. I learned that the pipe and lamp form part of the furniture in all hotel rooms.

When I visited a gaming-house, an attendant—a combination of croupier and waiter—asked me if I wanted lemonade or opium!

The gaming-houses of Macao are run by a syndicate which pays £200,000 a year to the Government for a license. Opium and lottery rackets are also run by the gambling syndicate. The 'executives' of the syndicate are mostly Chinese, but there are also Portuguese, South Americans, Armenians and Greeks, broken-down adventurers and croupiers from all over the world.

The coolies, who bring their hard-earned money to the gambling den, crowd round the croupier. But the 'aristocracy' of Macao sit up in the gallery, and lower their bets in bags on the ends of pieces of string.

In Macao, customs officials must be armed day and night, be able to work

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the machine-gun carried on the fast patrol boats—and they must make a will before entering the service!

A customs officer I met at the hotel bar—an Englishman, by the way—told me: 'I've got two machine-gun bullets in me—one in my hip and another in my thigh. There is one advantage—I know when the rainy season is coming two weeks beforehand!

'It's a tough life,' he went on. 'When you're in the Chinese Customs service, you're a target for every crook in the country. These people defend their gambling business with their rifles. We try to eradicate the trouble at its source by cutting down illicit incomes from smuggling and piracy. Then, for a time, the people of Macao have no money. Then they get uppish, and we get it in the neck.

'You see, opium imports are forbidden in China, but are practically unlimited in Macao. There is about seven times as much opium in Macao as Macao can use, and the surplus goes to China.

'Tang-Chong is the Al Capone of Macao. He is the smugglers' chief. His gang is organized as a limited liability company, just to make it legal. The chief business is smuggling opium, arms and sugar, and running gaming houses and lotteries. He has his own fighting airplane, and a sort of armored car. He is a millionaire.

'To be a smuggler in China you have to know the country perfectly, all the hills and paths; you have to know the tides exactly, be an excellent seaman and a crack shot. You also have to have considerable courage.

'China's sampan dwellers have all these qualifications, and it is a toss-up whether they become pirates or not. Mostly they are employed by 'merchants' from Macao, who advance the capital necessary for the smuggling enterprises, and expect a good return on their money. Officially, these merchants are cereal importers, or grocers, although many have never seen a sack of grain in their lives.

'Thirty to forty pounds a month salary, a bonus for every hundred ounces of opium seized, perhaps a bullet in the back, and sometimes a funeral, with curses instead of flowers—that is the lot of those officials who combat Tang-Chong, Ltd.'

British Innocents Abroad

Foreign travel is good for everybody, but it cannot be forgotten that behind all this anxiety to send children holiday-making on the Continent is the intention to turn them into priggish little internationalists, the friends of every country but their own.

—*Patriot*, London

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Wagnerian Pfennig-Snatcher

A temple, thirty feet high, will be erected in Magdeburg on behalf of the Winter Aid. At the entrance there will stand an altar, with a flame burning on it. Each visitor will be expected to put twenty Pfennig into a slot machine, whereupon the sacrificial flame on the altar will flare up. The visitor will then hand the slot machine receipt in at the ticket booth and receive in return a 'sacrificial flame pass,' which will consist of a booklet of picture postcards.

—*Frankfurter Zeitung*

No Respect for Tommy Atkins

So far as the British land forces are concerned, they don't count. They bathe every morning and shave very neatly. They learn their marching in dance-halls. They are excellent soldiers on the parade ground with a band playing. But they don't know the life of tenant farmers and so are at a loss when it comes to digging trenches and doing other hard work. From this, I don't think that the British are a match even for the Chinese.

—Rear-Admiral Toma Uematsu in the *Japan Advertiser*, Tokyo

Royal Economist

I wonder how many people realize how essential it is to control one's expenditure.

—Duke of Kent

H. C. L.

A correspondent writes that in preparing a cauliflower for the saucepan, she found a note slipped in between leaves and heart. It read, 'I got an eighth of a penny for this; I wonder what you have paid for it.' The answer was 7 pence.

—Janus in the *Spectator*, London

Food for the Vikings

German authorities have been urgently recommending that owners of restaurants and private individuals use albumen extracted from fish instead of hen's eggs. The fish albumen is odorless and tasteless, is sold in the form of smallish tablets and is called Viking Albumen.

The Reich Food Department also pleads with housewives to use more horse-radish, since there is a plentiful supply of it this year. 'Horse-radish purifies and strengthens the blood,' is the motto under which this campaign is pushed.

The latest contribution to the market is a sausage made not of meat but of tiny shrimps, which are plentiful along the Baltic coast.

—*Posliedniya Novosti*, Paris

Youth Party

During the past months, owing to the intensive propagation campaign, the Labour Party's membership has increased.

—*Hornchurch News*

Bluff Again

Mussolini rattles his cashbox in order to show there are still plenty of coins left for war —but a full cashbox never rattles.

—David Lloyd George

Snake Swallows Tail

A persistent rumor has been coming from Moscow to the effect that Messrs. Bukharin, Rykov and Rakovski have implicated Stalin in their confessions. This news is, of course, categorically denied by the Kremlin.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

No Thought for Posterity

Kant had one great advantage over all the philosophers who came after him: he did not have to spend years of his life studying Kant.

—Viscount Samuel in *Philosophy*, London

. . . to Soothe the Savage Breast

Some details about General Göring's private life were revealed in a book published just in time for the Christmas market by Herr Gritzbach, the General's personal Press officer.

Like other great men before him, General Göring is an early riser. He gets up every morning, summer and winter, between 6 and 7. After taking a cold shower he sits on the balcony in a comfortable coat and bedroom slippers and reads the papers. He pays special attention to the British and Swedish Press, and to financial and hunting periodicals.

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Then comes the 'quiet hour.' The General sits in an armchair in his bedroom with a book on his knee, stroking one of his pet lion cubs, while his valet, Robert, plays the phonograph. If his master has got out of bed on the wrong side Robert puts on the *Heroes' March* from *Götterdämmerung*, which invariably has a soothing effect.

—*Daily Telegraph*, London

Quite Unthinkable

A few years ago a lady of my acquaintance lost in the streets of London a valuable diamond pendant. When arranging with an important firm of advertising agents for the distribution of handbills exhibiting her loss and offering a reward for recovery, she also had occasion to inquire of them in which newspapers she should advertise.

They recommended several well-known journals, but added that it would be of course superfluous to advertise in the columns of the *Times*, because no reader of the *Times* would dream of retaining what did not belong to him.

—Letter in the *Times*, London

Raw Material

A man came to a Berlin fancy-dress ball in the costume of Adam. The prize-giving committee had him thrown out. Reason: he said he had come as the German Raw Material Problem.

—*Nebelspalter*, Rohrschach

Infantilism

While many European nations grow day by day more childish, they are providing themselves with more and more murderous toys.

—*Truth*, London

One Withdrawn!

It is believed that Signor Mussolini ordered his son to return immediately after the latter's narrow escape during a Spanish Loyalist air raid on Majorca on Tuesday, which caused his mother considerable distress.

—British United Press, from Rome

Misunderstood

Because we lacked faith in the constantly changing face-values of the national life of China, and decided to withhold our moral support in the abnormal and temporary convulsions of her national mood, we have come in for a great deal of severe criticism, suspicion and antagonism on the part of our neighbor. And this is what we consider to be the highest price we have paid in our relations with China. We do not mind if the world brands us as an 'aggressor' nation, if it calls us an 'armed bandit,' or if it considers us an 'international outlaw.' All this leaves us perfectly at ease. But to miss the heart of the great Chinese race—this is indeed a high price.

—Viscount Okabe

Rewards for Writing

I see there's a discussion in the press about who makes money out of books. Not the author, to be sure. The other day I sat at luncheon next to Mr. W. A. Foyle, of Charing Cross-road, who said he sold 2,000,000 books a year, but repudiated the suggestion that it was the bookseller who made the money.

One of his hobbies, he said, was to study wills showing how much money book folk left. The average worked out something like this:—

Authors—£300.
Booksellers—£3,000.
Publishers—£30,000.
Waste Paper Merchants—£300,000.

—*Reynolds News*, London

Italian Goose-Step

I think it's rather splendid
To see the Duce with his legs
Instead of jaws extended.

—Lucio
in the *Manchester Guardian*

Right's Right

Our adversaries are never right. If they were right they would be National Socialists.

—Gauleiter Robert Wagner

Lack of Enthusiasm

The delegate of public order has fined several persons 100 pesetas each for failing to express with due enthusiasm the satisfaction all Spaniards felt at the re-taking of Teruel.

—*El Correo Español*,
an Insurgent Newspaper

A Thought

The more countries fight, the better for the British Empire. We shall then be able to develop our trade with whatever countries are not fighting.

—Mr. C. G. Grey in *Aeroplane*, London

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

A Director's Problems

By Alfred Hitchcock
From the *Listener*, London

THERE are directors and directors. There are directors who merely interpret a script. In other words, their job is largely to see that the characterization is carried out, that the story is complete and presented on the screen by their choice of shots. That is to say, each piece of film that goes to make the whole is chosen and designed by them.

The general method that is used by, I might say, the average director, is to shoot what we'd term plenty of material and then cut.

I personally don't use that method at all. I aim at getting a complete vision of my film before it goes on to the studio floor. For example, in a film I did—*Sabotage*—with Sylvia Sidney, there was a whole scene at the end where the woman kills her husband. Now I wanted to make the murder inevitable without any blame attaching to the woman. I wanted to preserve sympathy for her, so that it was essential that she fought against something stronger than herself. So the thing was staged in this way.

It was a supper table. The man complained about the color of the greens. All I did was to show the close-up of the woman, about ordinary bust size, and the man the same. Sometimes the man from her eye-line, sometimes the woman from his eye-line. That was all we were concerned with. The most important aspect of the scene was her hand. It was essential to play up to her using the carving-knife. She carved meat with it, and then found herself helping him to vegetables with the carving-knife. She realized what was wrong. Then I showed her hand dropping the knife, trying to get rid of it, and then having to pick it up because more meat needed carving—and dropping it with a clatter. Then immediately a close-up of the man hearing the clatter. Then the woman's hand clasping and unclasping over the handle of the carving-knife. All we saw was a foreground of a table, glasses and cutlery, and her hands hovering. Then back to him. He got up, and the camera tilting up with him. He realizes his danger. I never bothered to show the room, and I allowed that man to go right past the camera toward the woman; and then again he comes to her and he looks down, and the camera goes right from him, following his thought, down to the knife and her hand still hovering over it. And then he makes a grab and she gets it first. Then their hands: her hands win. And then all you see is two figures, and the man gives a cry and falls.

To have shot all that in a long view would have been useless. It had to be made up of these little pieces. With a first-class director the final cutting is a simple job, if he has constructed the scene in his mind in advance and knows what he wants to create.

The most valuable thing in creating a film is criticism at the time. A film is so expensive to make. After all, a play can be written and come on, run for four days, say, and be taken off at a loss of a couple of thousand pounds. But a film is so costly that there is bound to be some safeguard. The producer is the man who should watch everything and make sure that the story is right and the casting is right. He goes every day and sees the 'rushes,' and it is up to him to say, as a critic, how it has turned out. That is the value of a producer. In other words, his is the job of watching the film from the point of view of the audience.

The director and the producer should,

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of course, work hand in hand, though there are some producers who exercise too much control over the direction of a film. It is, of course, very difficult to lay down a hard and fast rule. To me the producer of the future is the writer, because I feel the control of a film should come from its original creator. Just as in the theater the author is the No. 1 man. Years ago, the author used to write something which was accepted, and that was the last he ever saw of it until it came on the screen completely unrecognizable. The producer should be a writer. Or if not, he should be able to employ writers and understand writing himself. Because that's the root of the whole business.

I think there is much less confusion than there used to be in the production of a film. But there is no doubt that odd conferences go on. A fellow told me once, a song-writer, that he had written a very successful song and on the strength of it he got a Hollywood contract. He arrived there and nobody took any notice of him. He got his weekly check, and that was all. So he decided to play golf. For fifteen weeks he played golf. One day he was out playing golf, and the message came to him that he was wanted at a conference in the afternoon. So he went, and they all sat round, and the head of the conference said, 'Now, what about this music? Can't we get the chap who wrote so and so?' So this young man heard instructions given to telephone New York to try to get him out to Hollywood. Naturally, he hastened to call New York first and warned his agent to ask for double the salary he was already getting. I have even known two people from the same studio bidding for the same story.

It is just this moloch that engulfs everything. It needs so many stories, so much talent to provide these eight hundred plays annually. Supposing the theater attempted eight hundred plays a year, just think what a madhouse it would be. It takes a lot of brains and a lot of money to make even a bad picture.

Of the cost, I should say that a third goes in studio rent, use of equipment and settings; about another third in artists' salaries. Today, in order to maintain a decent standard of acting, if we have one line which has to be said we engage a fairly competent and expensive actor to do it, because we find selecting people out of a crowd is uneconomical. They get nervous and hold everything up. In this country we have quite a number of character actors who are good; and we have paid as much as £20 for one line to be said, to make sure, because we have found in the long run it is economical to do so. In my last picture, *Young and Innocent*, with Nova Pilbeam, we had seventy-three small parts costing a total of over £3,000. The rest of the costs are made up of film stock, electricity, labor, story-writer's and scenario work, director's fees and star, and insurance. It is very hard to get a good average English film today under forty or fifty thousand pounds. When you are working with those figures there does not seem much hope of experimenting with new ideas.

The best films have their material created for the camera. And that applies through the whole of the making of pictures, from the lighting to any other department. People must act for the camera to get the best results rather than have the camera try to grab what the people are doing. That is the difference between the film that is a stage play and the film that is a motion-picture.

SOME people feel that the fact that many of the technical experts in film studios are foreigners tends to make British pictures unrepresentative, but I think there should be room for foreigners because, while we should express the English idiom, we should always have an international outlook. The American film is pretty international. And after all, the biggest stars in America are foreigners—Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and so on. I think if they have anything to con-

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tribute they should be allowed to. It's the second-raters we don't want.

Another criticism of English films is that they seem slow compared with American films. That is largely idiomatic. The American mode of life is much faster than ours, and by instinct we are bound to be a little more labored or casual than Americans. That is why the fast American film is an entertainment to us.

I am very often against playing dramatic scenes against familiar backgrounds, for the reason that the audience is saying: 'That's Hyde Park Corner; I wonder where they hid the camera; they must have done it very well, because nobody seems to know they're there.'

The film-maker in England is handicapped by the fact that we have very little violence to use as drama on the screen. I know that's a very sweeping statement, but the Americans find it much easier. Look at their history, the shooting and goodness knows what in films like *The Covered Wagon*. In other words, they have comparatively modern history and modern happenings with violence; violence is good screen material, good screen fare. Here we have only got war or crime.

There are dozens of films I want to do. I want to do a film about the prison governor who revolts against his job of hanging a man. It is quite a thrilling story right up to the eve of execution, but I don't think the censor would look at it. Capital punishment is part of our law, and we mustn't agitate against it. I had a good deal of trouble over putting Sidney Street in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. I don't think films made of rather quiet local history—*The Edge of the World* sort of thing or *Turn of the Tide*—will ever be great box-office, because they are what one might term gray subjects—no glitter or glamour.

Then there is the question of whether we shall have happy or unhappy endings. Unfortunately, you can't shelve it by saying: 'We'll have a natural ending.' It is fatal from a commercial point of view to allow your audience to come out of a cinema saying: 'Oh, what a shame!' 'I was sorry. . . .' They tell their friends about such and such a picture: 'Oh yes, it was all right, but. . . .' The fatal word.

And here we come to the biggest problem of the cinema—that its own power is automatically its own weakness. The power of universal appeal has been the most retarding force of the motion-picture as an art. In the efforts of the makers to appeal to everyone, they have had to come down to the common simple story with the happy ending; the moment they begin to become imaginative, they begin to segregate their audience. Until we get specialized theaters, we shall not be able to do anything else. The Continental films go into specialized theaters in London, and that is about all. The cost of making a picture is so great, and there are so many aspects of the business—world markets, American markets, and so on—that we find it difficult to get our money back, even for a successful film with a universal appeal, let alone in films that have experimented with the story or the artist. That is the thing that has kept the cinema back. I should say it has pretty well gone a long way to destroying it as an art.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Basque Tragedy

THE TREE OF GERNIKA. *By G. L. Steer. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1937.*

(V. S. Pritchett in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THIS book, after Borkenau's *The Spanish Cockpit*, is by far the best thing written about the Spanish civil war. Mr. Steer, who went from Ethiopia to the Basque provinces, is also by far the best war correspondent. Indignant but no party loudspeaker, horrified but never so caught up in the rhetoric of his own sensations as a civilized man that he loses his day-and-night appetite for facts of every kind, he has a profound but not deluded sympathy for a trampled cause. He knows the Basque character; at least, he knows how to distinguish it. And he gets, what is so important to any sound report of Spanish affairs, the fluid quality of regional loyalties. One remembers how in the first year of this war the Basques were supposed to be in Miranda and within striking distance of Burgos. What illusion! Marching out of the grayness of Alava, out of that daily touch with their wives and families which alone seemed to give them a corporate sense, they found the brassy sun of Castile too strong for their eyes. Foreign country! They returned as if homesick to the mountain drizzle. They were in this war not to invade but because they wanted to be left alone.

After the fantasies and miseries of Castile there is nothing dramatic about these maritime Provinces. They are rich, dour, prosaic and austere. You pass, even in the sunnier inland Province of Alava, from that stimulating but ultimately tedious individualism of the rest of Spain, where every man's hand is against his neighbor's and himself, and feel you are in the midst of a brotherhood. Here all are members of a body. The language itself looks masonic. 'My family dates from the tenth century,' a Castilian is supposed to have boasted. 'We Basques do not date,' was the reply; and the Basque, phlegmatic, classless, democratic, religious, non-feudal and free, continued his pelota against the church wall. The Castilians are merely nobles, as Mr. Steer says, but the Basques are yeomen.

There were all the parties and problems of the modern world, of course, for Vizcaya and Guipuzcoa were far in advance socially and industrially of the rest of Spain, Catalonia included. The C.N.T. were there, naturally, with their perpetual newspapers and manifestos. But the Roman Catholic Church had not deserted the poor for the rich as it had done in other parts and was not the enemy of reform. Early Republican governments—and Mr. Steer might have been more generous with the political antecedents of the stand of the two chief Provinces—had sense enough, after the first flare-up, to go cautiously with Basque Catholicism. It remained to the blundering Generals, dilatory in war, treacherous to their country and half-baked in politics and diplomacy, to commit the folly of attacking the tradition of independence and ancient democracy which were inseparable from the Basque religion.

With a ha'p'orth of skill General Franco ought to have had the Basques in his pocket. As it turns out—as Mr. Steer says—crushing the Basques was an expensive pastime. It gave Valencia time to train its troops and (if Italy and Germany tire of the war) may be a major cause of Franco's failure.

Mr. Steer saw the whole campaign. He watched the war grow from the feckless militia struggle of the early days at Irun, to the efficient Italo-German dress rehearsal of modern war. He followed the

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doomed men from the blazing mountains and bombed towns until the surrender at Santander, where the Italian General Mancini dishonored the terms of surrender. The homespun Basques, unfamiliar with the totalitarian State, actually thought a treaty with an Italian was a treaty. They had all the virtues that don't count. They lacked brilliance, training and arms; they were certainly bewildered; they *would* keep telling the truth in their propaganda; above all they lacked the prime requisite of inhumanity.

Even when Goicoechea—the regular Army officer who was building the iron ring—left the job half-finished and slipped through the lines to betray the plans to Mola, there were no cries of hatred in Bilbao. They excused him. 'It wasn't ordinary treason,' they said, 'he was just terrified by the poverty of our resources.' They allowed the betrayal to be announced in their press but censored the traitor's name so as to protect his family. Again, Leizaola, who was in command at Bilbao, stayed on, though he knew he would be shot by the victors, to see that the Right-wing prisoners were safely escorted to the enemy lines. For he was not going to allow them to be at the mercy of the mob. A man in modern war wanting to save the lives of civilians! After Durango and Gernika!

Mr. Steer's is a superb story admirably told. I shall not soon forget his accounts of the break-up in the mountain battles and of Bilbao's last day and night. I shall not forget his portraits or Franco's murderous response to Leizaola's humanity. Yet there remains in the mind not merely the confusion of war and the horrors of things like Gernika, but the intellectual collapse of the British Government and large sections of the press. One puts the standards of men like Leizaola against those who tried to cook the Gernika story.

Mr. Steer is superior to the other correspondents because he is writing not news but history. Sometimes I found him a trifle too H. M. Tomlinson, but there were moments also when his grasp of wide scenes, men and movement recalled Lawrence's Arabia. He is not as cool as that but he is very good; and whether he really likes the excitement of war as much as he professes to do, his whole manner, his general bearing, illustrates the fact that a little bombing puts guts into judgment—if it hasn't first blown them out of the body. In the modern world it may be essential to the lover of freedom, for, like civilian populations, the character reacts with stoicism and loses dismay. I feel after putting the book down that even Sir John Simon might have known his mind, Sir Samuel Hoare his facts and Eden put his fairy foot down at the time of the bluff blockade of Bilbao—here thoroughly exposed—if they had had their morale improved by an hour or two under the wings of a Junker *52*.

An Idealist among Fanatics

La Voie Barrée. *By Ernst Erich Noth. Paris: Plon. 1938.*

(Gabriel Marcel in *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

I HAVE no hesitation in reviewing Ernst Erich Noth's admirable book, although it is a translation, since the French version will precede the German one, the publication of which has been postponed indefinitely. Nor do I betray a secret in saying that the author is counting on writing from now on directly in French. Doubtless, a few years from now he will occupy a position in the literary world comparable to that of Julian Green, a typically French novelist, although of foreign extraction.

La Voie Barrée is a significant testimony on the beginnings of Hitlerism, and it is all the more significant because the personal element here does not exclude a sternly objective treatment. This does not mean that Noth has refused to form opinions. It is known, for example, that he is an Aryan, that he did not belong to any party, that he could easily have stayed

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in Germany, that since coming to France he has received many conciliatory offers from the German Government which he has invariably refused. But in his case, his talent as a writer, which, in my opinion, is much more genuine than Malraux's, is blended with an unfailing capacity for seeing both sides clearly—a quality, however, which never degenerates into a pretentious and sterile neutrality. He is an individual; he wants to remain an individual and he has understood once and for all that partisan activity presupposes a mutilation of self to which he can never consent. It is this outlook which lends unique value to his work.

The hero of *La Voie Barrée* is a German student who, before the memorable days of January, 1933, did not concern himself particularly with political questions. His petty bourgeois parents, ruined by inflation, had committed suicide. He cares for nothing but his studies and his only source of income is the payment he receives for a regular contribution to a great liberal newspaper—apparently the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. 'Perhaps he could be accused of humanism, a type of mentality at all times somewhat suspect in his country and which, in a universe buffeted by political passions, has fallen into such a disrepute that both Right and Left have for once joined forces to ridicule and oust it.' How will this humanist react in a crisis which will gradually destroy everything that justifies living in his eyes?

The student, Hans Hesse, has a friend in the instructor Georg von Schilsky, who, although of indeterminate political views, does not hesitate to take a strong position against the triumphant Nazis in support of the mental values upon which his self-respect as a historian and a critic is based. It so happens that Hans has fallen in love with the actress Gerda, who up till now had been Georg's mistress, and he has reason to believe that his love is returned. Not without remorse, Hans abandons himself to this passion. Doubtless he has a presentiment that Georg is already liberated from his love of Gerda and that he himself will also leave her. But the meaning of this incident is that there is something in political passion that runs counter to everything that is essentially human, that gives to life its necessary values and makes it worth while.

This, however, is only one aspect of Noth's philosophy. Although fanaticism inspires him with horror, he gives it full justice in his treatment of Georg von Schilsky, honoring his absolute spiritual integrity and the spirit in which he defied the new masters and destroyers of Germany at the price of his life. I should like to quote from the admirable passage in which Georg, on the day after the Reichstag fire, whose perpetrators he has no trouble in identifying, defines his position to his friend Hans Hesse. Says he: 'If I had not taken my rôle as a historian seriously, and if I did not know my country and its unfortunate history so well, I would probably be something like a conservative. But that is an attitude that is least becoming to Germany, a land where the idea of "conservatism," of respect for the past, has always been confounded with reaction, with gross egotism of a pretentious caste; a land where there is so little to respect and to conserve; a land which, outside of chaos and internal fermentation has no tradition around which its people can rally. . . . We are a people without heritage, an amorphous people. We have not yet come into being. . . . But it is worse than that. We trouble other peoples. Because of *our* bad dreams, we prevent *them* from building, from conserving, their traditions.'

These powerful words take on special significance because Herr Noth, in exceptionally vivid scenes, was able to build up an atmosphere of violence, cowardice and betrayal, in the midst of which the new régime was taking roots in the once great liberal city. Particularly striking is his picture of the bewilderment and dismay that grip the editorial staff, for the most part Jewish, of the paper on which Hans

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works. There is no difficulty in identifying the character of the turncoat Kirchburg [Friedrich Sieburg].

However, this is no pamphlet, but a tragedy. And Noth draws an almost sympathetic portrait of the Nazi Sturmer, another of Georg's pupils who, although shocked by what he regards as treason on the part of his teacher, will still try to save him at the fatal hour. This portrait is perhaps more sympathetic, in a sense, than that of Communist Heldt. The author never overlooks the extenuating circumstances of Germany's misled youth, disorganized by poverty and the absence of leaders worthy of the name. It is because Noth has this sense of justice that his final condemnation of Hitlerism is so implacable. I cannot help contrasting him with Malraux, who is so completely partisan, in spite of his profound intelligence.

One of the finest scenes of the book is one where Georg, before making the final decision which will make him a martyr, brings together Hans, Heldt and Sturmer and tries to achieve among them a sort of human *entente*, beyond their conflicting ideologies. Could they not come to an agreement on the basis of a minimum moral propriety, good will, reciprocal esteem and tolerance? But the experiment shows that such an agreement is impossible. Already the abyss is too deep. Only yesterday comrades, today Heldt and Sturmer are enemies between whom there can be nothing but violence. Georg leaves the interview with a feeling that there is no longer any place for him among the living. In his next lecture, about the Italian tyrants of the Middle Ages, Georg launches a bitter accusation against Germany's new masters. Sturmer, upon Hans's appeal, creates an uproar designed to prevent Georg from pronouncing the words which will be his ruin. But Georg refuses to be protected by his adversaries. 'It is you,' he cries to the Nazis, 'who have burned the Reichstag.' A few hours later he is torn to pieces by the fanatics.

Hans is now suspected because of his intimacy with Georg. And this young man, who wanted to remain aloof from politics but whose conscience will not permit him to come to terms with his friend's murderers, has no alternative left to him but to flee to France. He does not linger in Paris, where he perceives in the political fanaticism of his Communist compatriots a dreadful likeness to that of the Nazis. It is in Provence that he finds the true France, whose moral climate corresponds marvelously to his needs. His hopes, his aspirations, which were almost stifled in Germany, come to life again. 'For, in the land from which he came, whenever he dared to propound his simple faith that man has been created to live, he had always been asked indulgently or angrily: Live? For what purpose, with what aim?'

So the question arises: In what sense is it permitted to say that life is sufficient unto itself, that it is an end in itself? On the lips of an egotistic hedonist, this formula has no value. On the lips of an artist, of a creator, it is transmuted into an act of faith. *La Voie Barrée* does not deal with the defection of a mediocre man who deserts in an hour of peril, but with the self-communion of a soul which has awakened to human responsibilities and is preparing itself for the supreme ordeal. 'He knew that the peace which reigned in this country (France) would not last forever. He could see the greedy forces which already threatened everything that made human life worth living. *There*, he could not live. Too many fanatics reproached him with not following them. But here, in this land, he could at least fall as a civilian and a brave man—die a death that befitted him and not depart like one of those madmen who have prematurely gambled away their lives.'

A death that befitted him—there is a sonority in these words which reminds us of Rilke. That great poet has a fervent disciple in Noth. May the latter communicate to us at least something of the lyrical wisdom so typical of the author of the *Duino Elegies*. At any rate, I will not

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hesitate to assert that our literature has not had a more worthy recruit than this young novelist, at once so mature and so ardent.

Schuschnigg's 'Kampf'

Dreimal Österreich. *By Kurt Schuschnigg. Vienna: Thomas-Verlag Jacob Hegner. 1938.*

(F. R. A. in the *National Zeitung*, Basel)

[*Both Herr Schuschnigg's book and this review were written before Austria succumbed to Hitler's threats. It is significant, in view of what has happened, that Dr. Schuschnigg described his régime as one of conciliation and mediation—significant, too, that moderate men and moderate ideals are powerless before a determined Germany.* The Editors.]

UNTIL Schuschnigg's meeting with Herr Hitler at Berchtesgaden, even the Left in Austria was ready to swallow 'authoritarian' dictatorship as a preventive against 'totalitarian' dictatorship; the weakness of this hair-splitting, which is so strikingly expressed in Schuschnigg's self-portrayal, has been convincingly proved.

To the Austrian Chancellor, the essence of the 'Austrian mentality'—the basis upon which he seeks to defend his régime—is 'the gift of avoiding sharp edges, softening contrasts and influencing German culture in such a way that it shall find not merely respect and objective admiration, but an emotional response and personal understanding.' It is this desire for conciliation and mediation which the author seeks to present as the true essence of the authoritarian régime, as distinguished from totalitarianism, and also from the 'Second Austria' of unrestricted parliamentarianism. He considers that his own régime is merely carrying on the conciliatory work of the pre-War Monarchy. It is this concept which justifies the title *Thrice Austria.*

Beyond doubt, Schuschnigg's dictatorship is of a different stripe than that of Hitler. It lays claim only to political monopoly, for there has never been a movement for a totalitarian *Weltanschauung* in Austria. As a matter of fact, Schuschnigg's report, combining personal reminiscences with an objective evaluation of Austrian development, places special emphasis upon his Government's numerous efforts to come to an understanding with Germany. In the light of present-day events, it becomes especially significant that references to such efforts at conciliation of the Left are extremely rare, though the negotiations with the 'nationalist opposition' are exhaustively treated. His scheme of coöperating with the National Socialists in creating an 'Austrian' public opinion (a unity existing solely on the basis of the Fatherland Front), is here projected by Schuschnigg in such vague and elastic terms that even the Berchtesgaden agreement fits into it. As a matter of fact the entire presentation is formulated in a most conciliatory manner (what a contrast to the writings of Hitler and Mussolini!), though its vagueness is disappointing.

In direct contrast to the author's intention, this work does not convey the impression that a strong, irresistible idea, rooted in the people, holds up the authoritarian State. Rather do weakness, lack of direction and clarity emerge from the chapters of this sizable volume, and it is significant that not even Schuschnigg dares assert that the majority of the people stands behind him. A dictatorship of weakness, out of touch with the people, wasting its strength in factual disputes—this is the picture necessarily created by an attentive reading of the work. It is a picture into which the most recent events logically fit. Austria renounced democracy; the Government, working from totally inadequate foundations, was raised to power without any popular support of its own. Merely taking a position between the two opposing forces, it sought to strengthen its 'authority.' In doing so it failed to build any bulwarks against Na-

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tional Socialist *Gleichschaltung*. This is a lesson which we Swiss, of all people, should learn from Schuschnigg's credo.

[*The American edition of this book will be published by Alfred A. Knopf.*]

Life in the Country

CAMPAGNE. *By Raymonde Vincent. Paris: Stock. 1937.*

(Martin Maurice in *Lumière*, Paris)

INNUMERABLE books have been written about life in the country, but their authors often lack an ability to transmit an inner experience. Many a writer, like a painter, finds in the fields and forests a mere pattern. As a result, we have read too many country novels—most of them written by French authors—in which the author only touched the surface, and even if he lived in the country looked at it with a city dweller's eye.

I understand very well why the publishers of Madame Raymonde Vincent's book have deemed it necessary to tell us that this young woman, born in a 'peasant family from Berry,' lived in the country until she was seventeen without having studied anything besides her catechism. This statement is a sort of guarantee about the authenticity of the document. But on the other hand it makes us feel much more apprehensive as we ask ourselves how this young peasant girl become an authoress will be able to write.

She tells the story of a little orphan girl who lives first with her grandmother in their humble house in the village. Later, the child and her grandmother go to live with their cousin, a well-to-do farmer who likes to have people around him. That is when Marie's real life begins. Her grandmother, who does not get along very well with their new family, goes back to her village to die, while the little girl is assimilated by the cousin's family.

The farmer, or Master, as he is called, is a widower with several sons. One of his sisters, Aunt Victorine, takes care of the house. The farm is extensive and there is a lot of work. They live in the midst of nature. There are no other houses near them except the château of M. le Comte and Mme. la Comtesse, whom one sees on holidays when one takes them bread that has been blessed. At the beginning of the book Marie is a child. In the last chapter she is a young mother, having married one of the Master's sons. The narrative is a sort of diary of the family during the intervening years, dealing with the work, the passing of the seasons, the family's joys and sorrows. War penetrates into the calm of their everyday life when the eldest son, who had reached the mobilization age, joins his regiment. Then they learn that he has been killed—but sorrow passes and life goes on.

It can be seen that the pattern is simplicity itself. The narrative gains its principal interest from the author's sensitive treatment. Madame Vincent sees things clearly yet tenderly. She seizes objects with gentleness and with precision. Nor can one deny that she has the precious capacity for poetic treatment. Yet her style is not entirely exempt from affectation. Altogether, there is nothing to justify the fears of the Femina Prize Committee as seen in their little *apologia*.

Happily she has retained the freshness of impression left her from her peasant childhood. This freshness does not harm the seriousness or the refinement of her work. During the sad moments of departures and deaths, Marie's emotions have an amplitude and a slowness that correspond to the rhythm of nature. True, the vast tranquillity of the land, which subdues human activities to its own slow tempo, occasionally wearies the reader, and Madame Vincent's fine book is a little tiresome in spots. As for the rural customs as one sees them in the book, the author's excellent references do not permit of discussion. Therefore I accept without demur her virtuous cultivators of the soil, who, among other things, are so polite to M. le Comte.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

JAPAN DEFIES THE WORLD. *By James A. B. Scherer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1938. 288 pages. $2.50.*

THE LAST GENRO. *By Bunji Omura. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1938. 442 pages. $3.50.*

BECAUSE Japan is primarily a land where personalities prevail in politics, because the major parties are either entirely without principles or subscribe only to vague platitudes, and because her governmental policies are but slightly influenced by Diet speeches or by formal diplomatic documents, commentators are prone to pick some one public figure as the hero, or the villain, of the nation. Dr. Scherer, who has but recently returned to Japan after forty years of absence, considers General Jiro Minami, Governor-General of Korea, as the virtual dictator of the Empire, ruling the nation by long distance telephone. Bunji Omura, native-born Japanese who has been living for a decade in New York as newspaper correspondent, thinks that Prince Kimmochi Saionji, last of the Elder Statesmen, is the final authority. Others might choose Koki Hirota, Foreign Minister and former Premier, General Sadao Araki, hero of the Young Officers' Club, Mitsuru Toyama, idol of the Rightist ruffians, Seihin Ikeda, head of the big business interests, or any of some half a score of other financial, political or militarist leaders. A convincing case is not difficult to make for any of these individuals.

Most of these exposé volumes lack, however, the detailed, specific proof that sound scholarship requires. Scherer's, for example, seems content with vague generalities and the mere repetition of the statement that Minami is the hidden boss. Nowhere is there convincing evidence of Minami's power; nowhere is there any definite link connecting Minami with the long series of murderous 'incidents' which have marked Japan's recent history. One gathers the impression, purely by inference, that Scherer is echoing the opinions of General Jinzaburo Masaki, his pupil of half a century ago. But whether or not the inference is correct, the fact remains that Scherer has distorted the rôles played by both Masaki and Minami. No one who recently escaped court-martial punishment by the verdict 'unproved, but guilty, nevertheless' is sound authority. Certainly, no one well versed in recent Japanese domestic affairs would consider Masaki as the angel of light depicted by his former teacher. And both historian and political scientist writhe at Scherer's loose interpretation of 'Fascism' to explain three centuries of Japan's past history.

Scherer's volume is far more important as a survey of Japanese social conditions than as an exposure of the 'concealed dictator.' His chapters on Japanese personality, on the suicide cult, the geisha and the red-light district, on the evolution of militarism and on Emperor-worship are excellent. The material is not wholly new but it is admirably presented and is strung together in appealing fashion. There is a sixteen-page appendix on the '*Konzerns* of Japan' which presents the tangled skein of interlocking corporate control to indicate just how the four big business houses control the national affairs. Unhappily, the investments of the Imperial Household are not included, nor are the family relationships made clear. The book bears evidence of having been written at top-speed to fill the need for a revelatory volume on the Empire.

Omura's *The Last Genro* is another curious volume. Taking one of the world's most powerful 'unknowns' as its hero, this semi-fictionalized, semi-official biography leaves Prince Saionji swathed in secrecy. Though *The Last Genro* is packed with fact and is, at times, electric with hitherto whispered gossip, it yields virtually no new knowledge of the personality of its hero. Saionji simply fails to come alive. Nor does the reader gain any clear interpretation concerning just what the silken statesman has accomplished. By omitting definite dates, by leaving great gaps in the narrative, by failing to bring the biography down to date, Omura gives only a misty and distant view of one who should stand out like Fuji-san upon the historical landscape. The book bristles with suggestions for a further study, possesses appeal for those who would glean gossip and is excellent for reference purposes. The absence of an index is a serious deficiency, though this reviewer has remedied the matter by entering page references in the

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so-called 'Glossary' of names which concludes the book. There is a short vocabulary of Nipponese words—the author consistently follows current Oriental practice of using Nippon and Nipponese for the more usual Japan and Japanese—and there is a descriptive list of places mentioned in the text. *The Last Genro* will prove hard sledding for the reader unversed in Asiatic affairs but it will be helpful to those who wish to round out their elementary knowledge of Japanese personalities.

—HARRY EMERSON WILDES

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, 1918–1935. *By Felix John Vondracek. New York: Columbia University Press. 1937. 451 pages. $5.00.*

HERR HITLER'S sudden seizure of Austria has revealed the extent of German domination of the Central European scene. Mussolini's African and Spanish adventures, Russia's virtual isolation, France's dependence upon Britain and the precipitate retreat of the British Tories have left the Reich master in the field. Attention has, therefore, been focused upon Czechoslovakia; and those who recognize in this small State the most civilized and most democratic of the 'new States' are anxious lest it become the next victim of Fascist aggression.

Professor Vondracek's volume makes available for the serious student a survey of Czechoslovak foreign affairs which should not only clarify the present situation of the country but also serve as an introduction to the general problem of Central Europe. After reviewing the problems connected with the establishment of the new State, the author proceeds to analyze the development of policy during the formative years of the Republic, from 1918 to 1923. Two chapters are devoted to the Locarno period when Czechoslovakia, along with its friends of the Little Entente, coöperated with the Great Powers in an effort at pacification within the framework of the *status quo*. The last two chapters relate the tense story of the onslaught of Revisionism during the depression years. The book closes with the resignation of Masaryk and the elevation of Beneš to the Presidency of his country. An extensive bibliography bears witness to a wide reading of the sources, some of which are inaccessible to most 'Western' scholars by reason of linguistic difficulties.

In a sense, the book is a diplomatic biography of Beneš. Such treatment of a country's foreign relations might be open to criticism, but in the present case it may be justified by the fact that the personality of Beneš impressed itself uninterruptedly upon the foreign policy of his country to an extent rarely equaled in recent times.

Two years ago President Beneš indicated the driving forces in Czechoslovak foreign policy in an interview granted the present reviewer. Czechoslovakia, said he in substance, knows that it is not a Great Power. The friendship of the Powers is necessary for its prosperity, but it does not wish to become the instrument of any Great Power. For Czechoslovakia, therefore, collective security is a policy dictated, not alone by altruism, but by necessity. It is Czechoslovakia's 'selfish' policy. Professor Vondracek's researches establish the authenticity of this keen analysis.

—OSCAR I. JANOWSKY

THE PLOUGH AND THE SWORD. *By Carl T. Schmidt. New York: Columbia University Press. 1938. 197 pages. $2.50.*

FIFTEEN years have passed since the establishment of the Fascist dictatorship in Italy. A powerful and well organized propaganda, directly subsidized by the Fascist State, has praised in this country the economic achievements of the Corporative State. Americans interested in Italy and in Fascism can know everything about the *autostrade*, the reclamation of the Pontine marshes, the excavation of ancient Roman ruins, the 'battle of the wheat,' the 'battle of the straw hats,' etc. Many people in the United States admire the public works policy developed by the Fascist State and tell us how noble Fascism has been in building the Puglie aqueduct, the port of Genoa, the *direttissima* from Florence to Bologna, forgetting, of course, that the aqueduct, the port and the *direttissima* had been practically achieved before Fascism came into power.

Many American writers have been to Italy, and many of them have been received by the dictator, escorted about by flattering officials and after a short visit have returned to the United States to write about the marvelous things they had seen. But they did not tell what was happening behind the brilliant façade built by Fascism and they had no idea

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of the economic results of the Fascist organization on the Italian people. Dr. Carl T. Schmidt acted differently. His book shows that he went to Italy with open eyes. He was not satisfied with listening to what Fascist officials told him, but collected facts and information, and, having got into direct touch with the people, was able to interpret them. The result is a book which should be read and meditated upon by everybody who is interested in Italy or social problems, for it describes some of the more important results of the Fascist State.

We might summarize the content of the book by quoting one of the author's phrases: ' . . . under Fascism the working masses live, and must live, in material and spiritual poverty;' intellectual and economic decadence go hand in hand with Fascism. Here, however, Dr. Schmidt is chiefly interested in the question of how the Fascist régime has dealt with Italy's agricultural problems.

It is quite true that the production of wheat has increased. But this increase is more than offset by a fall in the production of many other important agricultural products and in the number of live-stock. In terms of purchasing power, the total income of Italians engaged in agricultural activities is today 15 per cent less than it was in 1914. The reclamation of the Pontine marshes, on which so much ink has been poured out, has certainly been a very valuable effort; but the author reminds us that the area reclaimed during fifteen years of Fascist rule in Italy is not greater than the area reclaimed during a corresponding period of the democratic era.

Before 1922, people in Italy used to work hard and to keep silent; Fascists work less but they talk more and so are able to give the impression that they also do more. Yet living conditions among the peasants have been deteriorating for a number of years, as real wages have dropped sharply and workers have no means of protesting against wage cuts. Because of the reduced consumption of wheat, the Italian peasants are obliged to eat more *polenta*, with the result that pellagra, a disease which had practically disappeared before Fascism came into power, is now rife again. The landowners receive a much larger share of the reduced total agricultural income than they used to receive before 1922.

These are only a few of the facts revealed by Dr. Schmidt in his book. Every fact is supported by official figures and this book, which at first glance appears to be arid because it is full of statistics, gives a most vivid picture of actual conditions under the Fascist Corporative State.

—Massimo Salvadori

American Foreign Policy: Formulation and Practice. Selected Readings. *Compiled by Wilson Leon Godshall. Ann Arbor: Edwards Brothers, Inc. 1937. 553 pages. $5.00.*

ALTHOUGH a book of readings rarely may be called fascinating, Professor Godshall's volume richly deserves such praise. It is a collection of five hundred documents illustrative of our foreign relations, ranging from the Declaration of Independence to Secretary Hull's statement regarding foreign policy in July, 1937. The arrangement is topical, the documents are well selected, the references to authorities are clear and useful, the sections are introduced by brief but intelligent summaries, the index is excellent and the lithoprinting is neat and easy to read. An appended chronological listing makes possible a chronological study in place of the topical one chosen by the compiler. The book may well serve as a text, a supplement to any of the standard texts, or a handy reference volume for intelligent readers who do not have direct access to a large library.

The twelve chapters deal, respectively, with the following subjects: the establishment of our independence and boundaries up to the Rio Grande Channel rectification in 1933; the question of American neutrality, from Washington's proclamation of 1793 to Roosevelt's attitude during the Spanish Civil War that began in 1936; the doctrine of recognition, from Jefferson's views concerning the recognition of Republican France in 1793 to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union; 'isolation,' from a memorandum of John Adams in 1775 to President Wilson's defense of the Versailles Treaty; the development of the Monroe Doctrine; the problem of an Isthmian canal, from President Hayes's message of 1880 to the Panamanian agreements of 1936; our Caribbean policies; Pan-Americanism; our Pacific and Asiatic relations, from a statement of John Quincy Adams in 1841 to the creation of Manchukuo and the law on Philippine independence; our contributions to the pacific settlement of disputes, from Jackson's discussion of French claims in 1834 to

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the American Collective Security Convention signed at Buenos Aires in 1936; the story of disarmament, from the Rush-Bagot Agreement of 1817 to the upholding of an arms embargo by the Supreme Court in 1936; and, finally, our coöperation with Europe, chiefly in the period since the World War, and the reorganization of the American foreign service since 1924.

Professor Godshall's book obviously is a volume to be kept within easy reach by any reader who wants to understand the documentary background of America's relations with the other nations of the world.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

Ends and Means. *By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper Brothers. 1938. 386 pages. $3.50.*

THE major part of this work is, in Mr. Huxley's own words, 'a practical cookery book of reform' containing economic, political and educational recipes. The last three chapters are concerned with the less popular, larger philosophical question of what it is all about. These are, nevertheless, the more important, for they color the point of view of the whole.

As a poet and a novelist, despite superficial appearances, Mr. Huxley has always betrayed a strong moralistic urge. *Brave New World* marked the turning point in the superficial appearances. His open recognition of the deeper side of his nature blossomed in *Eyeless in Gaza*. It has reached full flower in the present book. The result is disappointing. We have lost the sugar coating of the early novels and the pill turns out to be less effective than we had hoped.

The old literary skill is still here and Mr. Huxley takes us through a sincerely written discussion of politics, education, religion and ethics. He is sometimes shallow but never dull and he has an admirable capacity for arousing thought in both follower and opponent. His theme is the problem which has become increasingly recognized since the World War—the loss of faith in ideals. He notes how, in the absence of a sound solution, false faiths have gained widespread support. In its present form the problem dates from the nineteenth-century war between religion and science—a war from which science emerged a Pyrrhic victor. To Huxley as to Eddington, Jeans and others, it was a struggle fought on false issues. He joins them in trying to recall us from worshipping the idols of materialistic science and to fix our gaze once more on the eternal truths of the mystic.

Mr. Huxley's ideal citizen is the 'non-attached' man. In the teachings of the great philosophers and founders of religions, he holds, non-attachment to self has been associated with 'attachment to an ultimate reality.' He finds the nearest approach to this type in the Christian saints and the Buddhist and Hindu mystics. He does not dwell on the fact that these characters have been virtually powerless to affect social conditions. Have they been instrumental in improving society in India? And nowhere does he show what modifications in saintliness would be required to remedy this. The contradiction renders his main thesis unconvincing and has its counterpart in Huxley's own development.

For years (since he came under the friendly influence of D. H. Lawrence) Huxley has been striving to mitigate his extreme intellectualism with emotional and physical values. The result is not synthesis but internal contradiction. In one passage, for example, he accepts that 'desire is the source of illusion' and states that we must become 'dispassionate.' In another he defends 'wishful thinking' and argues that 'there are certain circumstances in which wishes are a reliable source of information, not only about ourselves, but also about the outside world.'

He is eager to attribute his former 'philosophy of meaninglessness' to his personal desire for liberation. He claims that it was not disinterested and suggests that it was the result of his sexual desires and political aims. Yet he blithely assumes that his newly-found philosophy of mystical non-attachment is eternally and abstractly true. This may be so. But following his previous thought, we are at liberty to suggest that it is the result of his lack of sexual desires and political aims. One is reminded of the advice which Anatole France gave to Huysmans in similar circumstances, 'Go and have your water analyzed.'

Mr. Huxley has provided us with many penetrating comments on current social developments. His wide knowledge enables him to throw light on many phases of life. But the cooks will complain that Huxley's recipes are compounded of substances too intangible for their workaday kitchens.

—Michael Ross

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WORLD TRADE

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, the noted British economist, who enjoys a considerable reputation as a prophet in his own country, has usually broken into print to warn of impending disaster. There was some surprise, therefore, when Mr. Keynes devoted his recent speech to the shareholders of the National Mutual Life Assurance Society in London to a rather 'bullish' survey of business prospects. In speaking of British conditions, he said that 'in spite of the unemployment figures and the depression on the Stock Exchange, I am prepared to accept the assurances of the Government and the bankers that no significant recession is discernible in the very near future.'

Yet Mr. Keynes took advantage of the opportunity to remark on the fact that governments, as a rule, are very reluctant to acknowledge the presence of a slump, and that they are usually behindhand in taking steps to assist business and commerce. 'I sympathize with the authorities,' he said, 'in their appeal to the business community not to become unduly slump-conscious. What we need is that the rôle should be reversed and they should become more slump-conscious.'

Mr. Keynes's point is well taken, for politicians in office must look on the bright side and try to disguise painful realities. One of his solutions is the formation of a planning board of experienced non-partisan experts which will study economic trends, advise legislators and administrators and draw up specific plans to combat unfavorable developments. This board would be concerned with slump prevention as well as with slump cures.

'PERHAPS no country in the past five years has embarked more boldly on the perilous seas of protection than Eire, formerly called the Irish Free State.' So remarks the London *Economist* about the effects of Mr. de Valera's policy of encouraging Irish self-sufficiency, adding that 'the country's tariff covered at the end of 1931 some 68 articles; and the duties levied on nine of these were simply intended to produce revenue. By October, 1936, however, the list included 288 articles, and only seven of the duties were for revenue purposes. In addition, the tariff is supplemented by the official import list which, in 1937, specified as many as 1,947 articles in foreign trade subject to restriction or control.'

Has Eire gained from this protectionist policy? The editors of the *Economist*, who, of course, favor freer trade between nations, believe that she has not benefited. They point out that while the production of consumption goods and employment have risen, the price of food and clothing has done likewise, and that foreign markets, agricultural activity and the population itself have diminished. The only possible gains are intangible, existing in the minds of the Irish people and their legislators.

THERE is no need to speculate on the fate of the 'Open Door' in China if the Japanese succeed either in imposing their will upon the Chinese Government or in taking and holding the key port cities, for the effects upon foreign trade of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria and control of North China are now well known. Yet Viscount Ishii was dragged from his retirement some months ago to make a good-will tour abroad to combat pro-Chinese sentiment in respect to Japan's course on the mainland. In London, Ishii reiterated for perhaps the hundredth time the Japanese request that the world believe 'that Japan has no territorial ambitions in China. . . . She is prepared to respect to the fullest extent foreign rights and interests, and will maintain the policy of

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the open door for the purpose of promoting the welfare of the Chinese people.'

However sincere and well-meaning Baron Ishii and other patriotic Japanese have been in making these reassurances, they are belied by the cold facts. In Manchukuo, for example, no one would contend that there is an 'Open Door' to anyone but Japan today. Japan's share in the puppet State's trade has increased since the Mukden Incident from 40 to 74 per cent in 1936. The American share has dropped from 6 to 3 per cent. In North China, before the present war began, a foreign correspondent in Tientsin reported that the Japanese authorities had taken advantage of their control 'to lower the duties on the categories of goods which Japan is overwhelmingly able to supply and to quadruple the duties on commodities which Japan cannot supply and which come almost exclusively from Europe and America.'

Some idea of Japan's intentions in regard to China proper can be gained not only from the smuggling and tariff-juggling which has followed the occupation of the Shanghai region but also, and more certainly, from the formation of a gigantic trading corporation which is to operate in the Yangtze Valley. Furthermore, many experts believe that the Japanese Army will shortly begin a series of independent attacks upon the Chinese port cities south of Shanghai—Amoy, Foochow and Canton—where, if they are successful, foreign interests can expect to receive even shorter shrift than at Shanghai.

ARGENTINE prosperity reached new highs in 1937, when there was a record export surplus, a huge repatriation of gold from abroad and good prices. The country's situation remains good but it is unlikely that the figures of last year will even be approached in 1938. The reason for this altered prospect is the extensive damage suffered this season by wheat growers from locusts, drought and frost. It is officially estimated that the exportable surplus of wheat this year will be only 2,559,435 tons of wheat and 1,301,082 tons of linseed, against last year's of 3,723,000 tons and 1,666,727 tons respectively. On this and other grounds it is believed that Argentina's purchasing power abroad will contract sharply. Exporters from countries not having a trade agreement with Argentina but with which Argentina has a favorable trade balance will, however, be in a better position to compete with British firms as a result of the reduction from 20 to 10 percent in the surcharge on official exchange. It is believed that this concession was won largely through the efforts of the American State Department.

Because of the fall in the world price of copper, it is expected that Chile's purchasing power abroad will decline this year, although not so sharply as in the case of Argentina.

IT IS far too early to forecast the ultimate results of Brazil's abandonment of the policy of restricting the amount of coffee marketed. The same observation must be made in regard to Brazil's entire economic policy since President Vargas's *coup d'état*. The Brazilian coffee restriction scheme permitted growers elsewhere to win away many of the old markets, Brazil's share in the world trade in the commodity declining from 70 to 50 per cent between 1931 and 1937. The régime is now definitely out to recover lost ground, and, since it possesses absolute power, it may resort, at least temporarily, to dumping in order to ruin its chief competitors.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City) will publish in April a pamphlet on *The Hull Trade Program and the American System* by Raymond Leslie Buell. This will be published by the F.P.A. as a World Affairs pamphlet in coöperation with the National Peace Conference. The Foreign Policy Association is preparing a study kit for use with this pamphlet. *The Hull Trade Program and the American System* is a study of the American economic system in relation to the outside world and will include a review of the rise of economic maladjustments, a survey of our tariff history, an analysis of the threatening inward extension of protectionist methods, and an examination of the difficulties and advantages in tariff reductions. The study will show how the Hull trade program is designed to reduce economic tensions abroad while removing economic maladjustments at home.

IN APRIL the League of Nations Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City) will be especially concerned with two important projects of its Educational Department. One is the twelfth annual high school examination on the League of Nations, which will be held on April 8th in some 1,200 high schools throughout the country. In preparation for this annual contest the students have been studying the Association handbook, *Essential Facts in regard to the League of Nations*, *The League Covenant* and *Peaceful Change—the Alternative to War*. The student who submits the best paper will be awarded a trip to Europe.

The second project is the Middle-Atlantic Model League Assembly, to be held at Rutgers University from April 7th through 9th. This will be the twelfth meeting of representatives from student bodies in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Some 250 students from 35 colleges will attend. The subjects to be discussed include the Far Eastern problem, international administration of mandated areas and the relation of the League to foreign interference in internal conflicts.

THE English-Speaking Union of the United States (30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City) has prepared an illustrated booklet describing its history, aims and activities. The Union reaffirms the aims first set forth nearly twenty years ago: to increase 'the knowledge possessed by the English-speaking peoples of one another, but in no spirit of hostility to any other nation. It aims at no formal alliances, it has nothing to do with governments, but is an honest attempt to promote good fellowship among the English-speaking democracies of the world.'

During April the Union's program includes a membership drive, lectures by Professor E. H. Carr on the international situation and by Sir G. F. Hickson on Cambridge University, the observation of Shakespeare's birthday and the entertainment of the visiting Cambridge Rugby football team.

PAN-AMERICAN expositions and conferences recently announced by the Pan American Union (Washington, D. C.) include the following: an Exposition of Ecuadorean Progress, opening at Quito in May; a six-weeks Summer School in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, where courses will be offered in French phonetics, conversation and literature and in the history and culture of Haiti and the Caribbean lands; and an International Conference on the Teaching of Latin American Literature, which will be held in Mexico City from August 15th to August 22nd under the sponsorship of the National University of Mexico.

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THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

gow this summer will be the most truly national undertaking of its kind, for even the smallest villages in the Highlands have helped to make it a success. C. A. Lyon, who describes the exposition in the article, 'Scotland Calling,' believes that it will be the most beautiful ever held and notes many innovations—such as the provision of seats for 30,000 tired visitors—which might well be adopted by American exposition planners. [p. 143]

THE situation in Britain's Indian Empire is such that we have devoted three brief but informing articles to its clarification. Richard Freund, who writes on 'The Trouble in India,' is a well-known expert on international affairs and author of *Zero Hour* and *Watch Czechoslovakia!* [p. 147] Subhas Chandra Bose explains the aims of the All-India Congress in the article 'As We See It.' Mr. Bose was once Mayor of Calcutta, but fell into the bad graces of the British authorities because of his outspoken attacks on imperialism. He was arrested several times, was refused entry into England and his book, *The Indian Struggle*, was banned in India. [p. 150] The Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, next to Gandhi the most eminent opponent of British rule, reveals the tragedy of 'Guidallo Ranee,' a princess from the hills of Assam who has been held as a political prisoner by the British for more than six years. She was only nineteen when taken into custody for her part in the civil disobedience campaign. [p. 152]

'JAPAN Will Not Collapse' is a Japanese reply to observers abroad who believe that China's unexpected and prolonged resistance will drain Nippon's resources dry. Of especial interest is the writer's analysis of the extent of the sacrifices which a patriotic nation can support in time of war. We have reason to believe that Mr. Laval, editor of the *Far Eastern Review*, procured the article from an official source in Tokyo. [p. 154]

MOST of the issues which brought civil war to Spain in July, 1936, including covert foreign aid to plotters against the existing régime, are present in Mexico, declares the author of the article, 'Will Mexico Follow Spain?' Traveling widely through the country, the writer everywhere found the Hammer and Sickle emblem, but found that the average Mexican did not know what it meant. [p. 158]

OUR 'Miscellany' of brief *reportages* this month is peripatetic in character, jumping from an incident in war-time Barcelona [p. 163], to Old Cairo, where a squealing infant is baptized according to ancient Coptic rites [p. 165], and finally to the 'Wild East' in the Portuguese colony of Macao on the China coast, 'The Toughest Spot on Earth.' [p. 168] The reporters are, in order, Bodo Uhse, author of *Söldner und Soldat*, who participated in the Kapp Putsch, became a Nazi but turned Communist in 1930; H. V. Morton, a traveling correspondent of the London *Daily Herald;* and Edmond Demaître, a French correspondent in the Far East.

THE first of the 'Persons' sketched in this issue is 'France's Strong Man.' Arved Arenstam, the roving correspondent for a number of Central European papers, declares that France does have such a man, and that he is Edmond Daladier, the Minister of War who has survived all the recent Cabinet changes. [p. 136] The second sketch is of Lord Halifax, who was formerly Viceroy of India and recently succeeded Mr. Anthony Eden as British Foreign Secretary. He is rather critically appraised by Harold Laski, who dwells in another political camp. [p. 139] Third and last is 'Hitler's Austrian Fixer,' Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart, who, as we write, has assumed the powers of both President Miklas and Chancellor Schuschnigg. It was he who bored from within to insure the Nazi victory. [p. 141]

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